THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 7, 1907 **5c. THE COPY**

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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The **BAND with HOOKS** • *Instantly* **Adjusted to ANY HAT**

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It feels Comfortable—fits perfectly—looks stylish—

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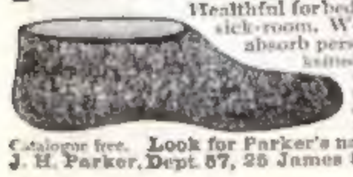

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THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Portland and the Pacific

Can a city that is not upon the sea-coast win the Mastery of the Pacific? It would have to possess two things: unusual advantages in the way of a navigable river, and a public spirit among its inhabitants whereby all men worked together for the good of the town. These things Portland, Ore., possesses, and about them Mr. Blythe writes in his next article upon the Mastery of the Pacific.

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

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Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats.

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The Lakes-to-Gulf Waterway

An Undertaking to Float the Commerce of the West to the Sea

BY WILL PAYNE

IN RECENT times comparatively, as geologists speak, the waters of the Great Lakes flowed southward, over the site where Chicago now stands, down the Desplaines and Illinois River Valleys to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Having created the Niagara–St. Lawrence outlet, Nature presently abandoned this southern route. But that it might be reëstablished, by a little human intervention, so that a boat could go from the lakes to the gulf, was noticed by the very first white men who visited the spot, and has been urged pretty constantly ever since. At this writing—seven generations after the first lakes-to-gulf-navigation boomer—the project seems almost on the eve of practicable accomplishment. In fact, the most difficult and costly section of the job—the cut through the rock divide immediately south of the lake—has already been done by the city of Chicago at a cost, including incidental works, of fifty-two million dollars. Competent engineers say that a navigable waterway, suited to the needs of modern commerce, can be carried onward to St. Louis at an additional cost of about fifty per cent., or twenty-seven million dollars. A comprehensive association, and many representative commercial bodies in the Mississippi Valley, are insisting that this be done. The next Congress, they hope, will take action which will put a dream of two centuries in the way of definite realization.

Association of Commerce Exploring the Power-House Extension of the Canal, July 16, 1907, Aboard Sanitary District Railroad, Municipally Owned and Operated

Joliet and Marquette, crossing the Chicago divide in September, 1673, were the first white men on the ground. The following August, describing the prospects of the region, Joliet wrote:

"A very important advantage and one which some, perhaps, will find it hard to credit, is that we could easily go to Florida in boats, and by a very good navigation. There would be but one canal to make—by cutting one-half a league of prairie—to pass from the lake of Illinois (Lake Michigan) into the St. Louis River (Desplaines River). The route to be taken is this: the barque should be built on Lake Erie, which is near Lake Ontario. It could easily pass from Lake Erie to Lake Huron, from which it would enter the lake of Illinois. At the extremity of this lake would be the cut or canal of which I have spoken, to have a passage to the St. Louis River, which empties into the Mississippi."

Marquette passed the winter of 1674-5 almost on the spot where the Chicago Sanitary Canal begins, and in the spring went down the Illinois. Seven years later La Salle gathered a party at "Checaugou," went overland to Lake Peoria, launched his boats there and followed the Illinois and Mississippi to the Gulf.

At that time the shore-line of Lake Michigan was about ten miles west of where it now is, natural accretions and artificial filling to make land having driven it steadily forward. Yet, not a century ago, floodwater of the Desplaines River overflowed through a slough into the Chicago River, and thus found its way to the Lake, while the Desplaines went to the Gulf.

Old Plant of Economy Light and Power Company Before Opening of Sanitary Canal. The Company is Throwing its Great Political Influence Against Legislation Favoring a Deep Waterway

The great purpose of a canal would be, of course, to serve commerce. Yet it is precisely the growth of commerce, more than any other one thing, that has so far defeated Joliet's plan of lakes-to-gulf navigation. If the Mississippi Valley had ceased developing commercially a century ago, lakes-to-gulf navigation would now, in all probability, be an important factor of its trade equipment. But a waterway that would have served admirably at the beginning of the last century is practically useless now, offering for modern commercial requirements something about as serviceable as one of Joliet's barques.

Lakes-to-gulf navigation has never been forgotten. The trouble is that it has been developed at an arithmetical ratio, while the commerce that it should serve has developed at a geometrical ratio. When Congress first took action on this canal question the State of Illinois had a population of 55,211. Its population at the last census was 4,821,550—or about enough, if packed crosswise, to fill up the ditch which the Government then thought of digging.

Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson, urged a canal across the Chicago divide in 1808. In 1816 a route was surveyed. Two years later Illinois became a State. In 1822 Congress granted a right of way for the canal, and in 1827 gave the State 284,000 acres of public land to be sold in aid of the project. In 1829 the State legislature authorized construction, and in 1836 work was begun on the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

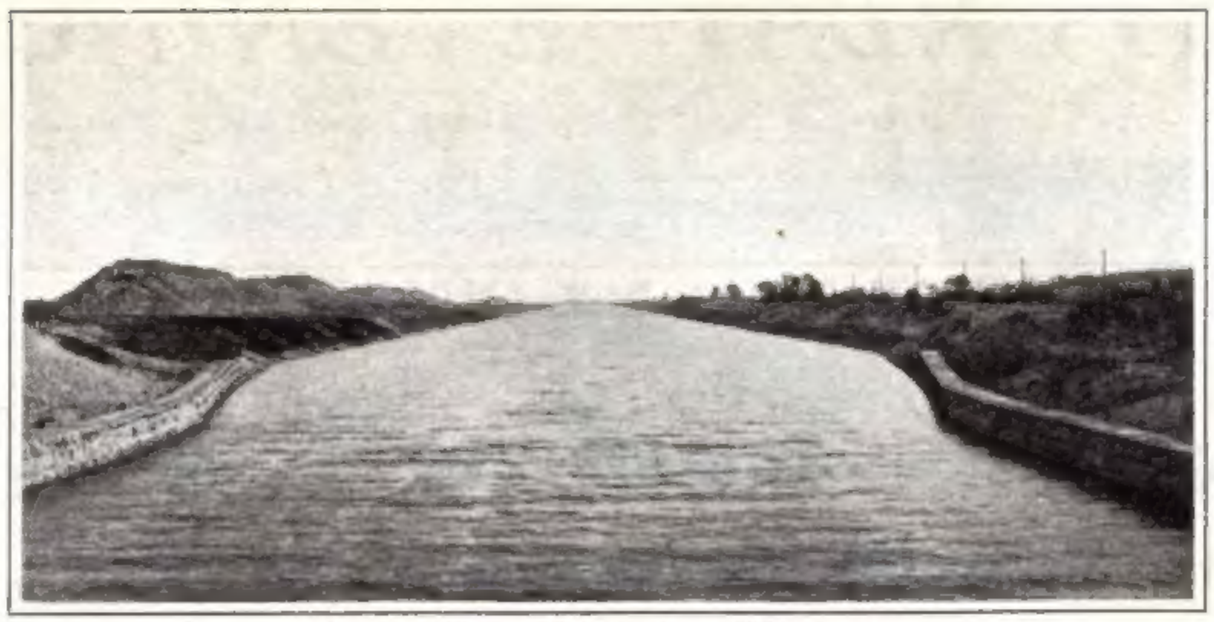
There were delays; money was always giving out. The plan was modified so that, in place of the "sea-level" channel originally proposed, the summit section was made eight feet above the lake, with wheels at Bridgeport to lift water from the Chicago River. In this fashion the canal was completed in 1848, extending 97 miles from the Chicago River to the Illinois River at La Salle, and being six feet deep. Unfortunately, long-continued low water in the lower Illinois reduced the depths over bars to only two to four feet. The Government did some dredging in a quite desultory manner. But ever-growing commerce required ever larger carrying units, and it presently appeared that, even if the lower river were dredged, very little could be done with only six feet depth in the canal itself. So the project never, in fact, realized the lakes-to-gulf purpose for which it was designed.

However, quite another use for this Illinois and Michigan Canal, undreamed of by its projectors, did develop. When the ditch was begun in 1836 Chicago boasted a population of 3820. As is well known, she grew. One incident of her growth was sewage. Obviously the easiest thing to do with the sewage was to turn it into the river. Also, the city developed meat and liquor industries, both productive of much offal, which went into the river. Thus this stream took on a character which made it famous throughout the world. Sometimes it caught fire. At all times its dark and greasy waters showed leprous patches of different hues and smells; but all the smells were vile. The pumps at Bridgeport were operated to send a cleansing current through the river. This helped the river a little, and it

The Economy Company After Opening of Canal. The Canal Increased Company Power from 500 to 7000 Horse-Power. The Company is Now Blocking the Deep Waterway

sent much sewage down the canal, to the intense dissatisfaction of the valley people. In 1866-71 the city cut down the summit section, making it conform to the original "sea-level" plan, and water from Lake Michigan flowed by gravity into the Mississippi. This helped a bit temporarily. But still the city grew, and in 1882 the legislature required Chicago again to install pumps at Bridgeport, in order to increase and slightly sweeten the flow down the canal.

Chicago's supply of drinking water came from the Lake. The large proportion of sewage which did not go down the canal to the valley people spilled into the Lake and polluted the drinking water. The city built cribs and intakes farther and farther out in the lake, in a heroic effort to keep from poisoning herself. But this, like the Bridgeport pumps, was scarcely a palliative.



Junction of Rock and Earth Sections at Willow Springs

In 1889, therefore, the legislature created the Sanitary District of Chicago, practically co-extensive with the city itself, and authorized it to levy taxes and issue bonds for the purpose of constructing a new canal of sufficient size not only to reverse the current of the Chicago River and thoroughly dilute the sewage, but to float the largest boats then plying on the lakes.

Ground was broken for this new canal on September 3, 1892, and water turned in January 2, 1900. It extends from the west fork of the Chicago River at Robey Street to Lockport, twenty-eight miles. It varies in width at the water-line from 162 to 290 feet, has a minimum depth of twenty-two feet, and the flow through it at present is 300,000 cubic feet per minute. This entirely reverses the current of the Chicago River, making it an outlet of the Lake instead of a feeder. Thus the ancient course is re-established, and the Lakes drain southward to the Gulf of Mexico.

The canal begins six miles from the mouth of the river. Besides digging the big ditch itself the Sanitary District has spent some eight million dollars dredging this six miles to a uniform depth of twenty-two feet, condemning private docks and warehouses that encroached injuriously, and taking out drawbridges whose massive centre piers obstructed the channel. These it has replaced with bascule bridges that swing up from the bank—which is why visitors to Chicago, looking down a street vista toward the river, are often startled to see a large section of the thoroughfare standing on end.

To navigators of big boats the Chicago River used to be a sort of artificial Hell Gate. The crowns of the three tunnels used by the street-car companies were only fourteen feet beneath the surface. If the big boat did not stick on the crown of a tunnel—to the great amusement of the myriad foot-passengers thronging over adjacent bridges—it stood a good chance of getting jammed in a narrow draw, which blocked the foot-passengers and aroused their wrath. Nothing could be done about the tunnels, because they were involved in the everlasting "traction problem." Now, however, they have been destroyed. The work already done and in hand by the Sanitary District will increase the pleasures of river navigation. It should be said in passing that the District has money in sight with which it may construct a supplemental canal from the Calumet, avoiding the region of congested traffic and many bridges. Although this, like the canal itself, is primarily a sanitary project, it may eventually serve as the lake end of a lakes-to-gulf waterway.

A boat of twenty-foot draft may now sail thirty-four miles from the mouth of the Chicago River to within sight of Lake Joliet. The first six miles is through a district which probably handles quite as much commerce as any other like area in the world. Chicago handles (receipts and shipments combined) about half a billion bushels of grain and flour a year. Also she receives ten million head of hogs and cattle, and ships much more than a thousand million pounds of cut meats and lard. You will surely remember this latter fact as you approach the head of the canal. There "Bubbly Creek," as the stockyards' slip is called, flows into the river. You will not need to be told whence it comes. Nearly opposite stand the immense McCormick reaper works, also producing much commerce. From the river, the canal runs in a long, broad cut, sometimes so straight that its perspective is like that of an air-line railroad track. Miniature mountain ranges line the low bank, consisting of earth and rock dug from the ditch. The engineer will tell you that if the total spoil taken from the canal had been deposited in the lake where the water is forty feet deep it would have made an island one mile square, with its surface twelve feet above the water-level. He may also point out where the course of the Desplaines River was diverted for thirteen miles because the engineers wished to use the river-bed.

There is not much scenically until you come into the huge "windage" basin at Lockport. Then, at the right, arises an imposing rampart of iron and masonry. This contains the sluice-gates; but the canal actually discharges its flood of 300,000 cubic feet per minute across the "bear-trap" dam, at the south end of the rampart. This dam is said by competent authorities to be one of the greatest triumphs of engineering genius in the world. Being unable to understand it, I shall not attempt a technical description. In a general sort of way it is a colossal hinge, so arranged that the water can be forced beneath it, causing it to hump up in the middle and stop the flow. Passing over it, the flood makes a lesser Niagara, of gentler slope, and very pretty rapids as it spills into and overwhelms the Desplaines River.

At right angles to dam and rampart runs a massive cement wall, with a number of little wells in it. The canal is to be extended something over two miles southward from the present terminal at Lockport. The work on this extension is practically finished—a rather imposing cañon, walled with cement. About the time this article appears they will drop dynamite cartridges into the little wells in the dividing wall, which will go up *à la* Fourth of July, and the canal will flow to the new terminal, thirty-six miles from the mouth of the river. At the new terminal part of the flood will be sent through the turbines of a big electrical power-house, in which will be installed six generating units, each of 7500 horse-power capacity. These can be operated with the present flow through the canal; but the Sanitary District expects presently to about double the flow, bringing it up to 600,000 cubic feet a minute.

This power-house cost four million dollars. Its high and broad cement roof commands a pleasant view of the Desplaines Valley, nearly down to Lake Joliet, about four miles distant, while the city of Joliet is close at hand. The District proposes, at its own cost, to extend the canal still farther, through the city of Joliet, and improve the river to the head of Lake Joliet—a pool five miles long and seventy-six feet below the level of Lake Michigan, which was dug out by the force of the ancient flood as it rushed down the declivity from Lockport. From Lake Joliet to the mouth of the Illinois River is 286 miles, with a fall of ninety-nine feet. To construct a fourteen-foot channel over this distance is simply a matter of river improvement.

To stand on the roof of the power-house and look down the valley makes this project singularly inviting. One seems to realize that the engineers have only to stretch out their hands. To the waterway enthusiast it is like standing on Mount Pisgah and surveying the promised land beneath. But, as we all know, reaching Mount Pisgah does not end the difficulties. And, as a matter of fact, what now appears to be the most serious obstacles to lakes-to-gulf navigation lie right here at hand, in that smiling stretch which you look over from the power-house roof.

The fall from Lockport to Lake Joliet is seventy feet. Obviously that means water-power. So much was apparent long ago. Away back in the time when the old Illinois and Michigan Canal was taken seriously, a private concern secured a certain lease of water-power. That lease has been renewed, and now runs to 1916. Formerly it was of little account. But when the Sanitary Canal began bringing 300,000 cubic feet a minute down to Lockport and discharging it into the little Desplaines River, water-power rights took on a more promising aspect. The private concern—now the Economy Light and Power Company, located at Joliet, but owned in Chicago, by the way—has spent a great deal of money building a plant. It sees a promising future and does not wish to give it up—as it would have to if the Sanitary Canal were extended through Joliet to the lake of that name, thus causing the Desplaines above the lake to dwindle back to its former insignificance.

Altogether it is a very pretty problem in public utilities. The water which the company uses was created, one may say, by the Sanitary District. That is, if the District had not brought the water down to Joliet at a cost of some fifty-two million dollars there would be no power. But the private concern has vested rights. The District cannot take up its own water at Lockport and carry it around the concern's works—even though that be necessary to create a lakes-to-gulf waterway—without satisfactory compensation. The compensation which the company asked was that the District deliver to it forever an amount of electrical current equivalent to that which it would derive from the use of the water.

This spring the Illinois legislature had a "hold-over" session for the special purpose of considering a bill which the District deemed necessary for the proposed extension of the canal. The water-power concern was able to rally a sufficient following to block the bill, and the legislature adjourned to October. The immediate future of the lakes-to-gulf scheme probably depends upon whether or not the District, at this adjourned session, can secure the legislation it needs. The Congressional delegation has opined that if the Illinois Legislature will not act in favor of a lakes-to-gulf channel it will be quite useless to ask Congress to appropriate money for that purpose.

It should be said that, so far, Joliet has backed the private company. It has been urged that the Sanitary District and the city of Chicago are practically one. So, if the District has complete control of power derived from the water which it brings down from Lake Michigan, that power will be transmitted to Chicago and distributed there for street-lighting, and so on; while if a private company, located in Joliet, retains water-power rights, the power will be distributed in Joliet, attracting many factories to that city. Also that the surface of the canal in Joliet would be about at the street level, entailing walls, elevated street-crossings, and other unsightly features. The truth is that Joliet and other valley people, having suffered a long experience of Chicago sewage under the old régime, have a certain chronic soreness on that subject.

The State of Missouri, on behalf of St. Louis, sued in the United States Supreme Court to enjoin the canal on the ground that it polluted the rivers into which it drains. The decision was altogether in favor of the canal. It was shown that even with the present flow—which the Sanitary District will eventually double—the Illinois River was not polluted. That the canal, with the collateral works now

(Continued on Page 24)

The Great Two-Mile Curve at Romeo, Illinois, Showing Stone Spoil Banks to be Crushed and Sold at a Profit to the District

Bear-Trap Dam, Down Stream, at Lockport, Illinois

AB'S FOOLISH FRANKNESS

Open Confession is Sometimes Bad for the Heart

By KENNETT HARRIS

That was as Far as He Got that Time

TELL ye, Mis' Campsey," said the storekeeper, with engaging candor, "I don't b'lieve I'd take that there Henrietty, if I was you. I was kind o' diserp'inted in that goods; it don't wear extry well, an' prob'ly you wouldn't like it. I want the folks 'at trade with me to be satisfied with what they git. I'd sooner lose the profit on the sale than have you git fooled."

"Well, I reckon I'll look around a little, then," said the customer in the pink-checked sunbonnet. "I'm obliged to you for tellin' me, though."

"I wonder if Rufe hain't loosin' his mind!" said Marvin Parsons, wonderingly, when the customer had departed. "Head been feelin' all right lately, Rufe?"

"Don't you worry about Rufe," called Washington Hancock from his seat near the cracker barrel; "he ain't gittin' feeble-minded. He knowed Mis' Campsey neighbored with Mis' Gerry, an' Mis' Gerry bought a full dress pattern o' that same Henrietty las' spring two years ago. She told Rufe she could dror a long breath an' blow a hole through it anywhere. He ain't sellin' that goods to no two wimmen in the same township. Reminds me o' Ab Calloway, time he owned up to Vibilia Green about Annette Paddon. Heard about that, didn't you?"

"Tell it," said Sol Baker; "I reckon I heard about it, but I disremember now what it was."

"Well," began Hancock, "Ab was goin' with Vibilia Green, time this happened. Vibilia'd allus kind o' held herself off from the boys, 'sif she was jest a leetle mite too good for any of 'em, seein' her paw was so well fixed. She had money of her own, too, that her uncle, Jim Robson, left her, an' she wasn't sech a bad-lookin' piece, either. She'd got a tongue, an' a temper; but there's mighty few wimmen folks hasn't got that. Anyway, Ab 'lowed he'd try his luck with her, an' bein' as he was a tol'able husky, good-lookin' feller, with a fair opinion of hisself and a slick tongue of his own, she kind o' give in, an' it looked like he had her for sure.

"Well, one day Ab was a-goin' over Tarkio way, when he met up with Annette Paddon, which you wouldn't have thought was partickler bad luck if you had 'knowed Annette. Ab had a right smart leanin' Annette's way hisself, afore he tuck after Vibilia, an' there was a right many in the same fix. She was about as purty a gal as ever you seen. Had a way with her, too, which all o' these yer purty gals ain't got.

"'Howdy, Ab?' she says, showin' her white teeth in a smile.

"'Howdy, Annette?' says Ab, smilin' back at her.

"'You're consid'able of a stranger,' she says. 'Seems like you're a stranger around most everywhere but Vibby Green's, these days.'

"'I hain't around there so plague-taked much,' says Ab. 'Whichaway you goin', Annette?'

"'Jest over there an' back agin, to see erbout how far 'tis,' she says.

"'That's zackly where I'm goin', Annette,' says Ab. 'It would 'a' seemed a right smart of a ways if I hadn't been a-goin' with you.'

"'Practicin' up for Vibilia, ain't ye?' says Annette, devilin' him.

"'I d'no' as I am,' says Ab. 'I reckon you're jokin'. I'd like to see the feller who'd be thinkin' of any other gal when he was with you.'

"'But when I'm gone, then it wouldn't be me he was thinkin' of, eh?' she says, givin' him a side look under them long eye-winkers o' hers.

"'I reckon when you was gone he'd be so turrble desprit an' onhappy he wouldn't care what he done,' says Ab.

"Well, one word led on to another, as they got walkin' along together, until seemed like Ab was purt' nigh a-makin' love to her, an' fin'ly they come along to where there was a big oak a-growin' out of the osage hedge, an' they sat down a while to rest.

"'What d'you s'pose Vibilia'd say, if she seen you here a-settin' with me?' says Annette, laffin' an' fannin' herself with her sunbunnet.

"'I d'no', an' what's more, I don't care a durn,' says Ab.

"'You keep still an' don't be aidgin' up to me thataway,' says Annette. 'You're jest talkin' when you say you don't care. I bet you care a heap. I reckon you'd better git up an' go on your way afore she happens along.'

"Ab aidged up a little closter yet. 'Annette,' he says, 'I think a heap o' you.'

"'An' a bigger heap yet o' Vibilia,' says Annette.

"'Durn Vibilia!' says Ab, an' aidged up a leetle more.

"'I'm a-goin',' says Annette, kind o' stiffenin' up an' beginnin' to put on her sunbunnet; 'I won't set here an' lissen to you talk thataway.'

"Ab kind o' looked down his nose at that. He was tuck consid'able aback. He was jest a-startin' to get up hisself when she looked up at him an' smiled. 'Don't you want to tie these strings?' she says. 'The pesky things won't tie right for me.'

"Well, if you ever tied a gal's sunbunnet on fer her, an' she's got a leetle round white chin an' poutin' red lips, an' it looks like there wasn't no one around, you know what happened. Jest after it happened they heard a rustlin' the other side o' the hedge, an' a cough, an' lookin' through Ab seen ol' Mis' Nance Kerby, the biggest slack-jaw of a woman anywheres around, slinkin' off down the path.

"'Plague take it!' says Ab. 'Now she'll go off an' be clackin' that all over. Hain't that my cussed luck?'

"Annette looked at him with partickler bright eyes an' a red spot on each cheek; but she smiled. 'It *is* mighty hard on you,' she says.

"'Ain't it?' says Ab, frownin', 'an' there's no way o' stoppin' her. She's strikin' a bee-line now fer some neighbor's. I'll bet she won't let up till—everybody knows it.'

"Annette laughed. 'I don't b'lieve everybody'll like it, either, Ab,' she says. But Ab didn't notice what she was a-sayin'.

"He was too busy thinkin'.

"'It was all my fault,' says Annette; 'I ought to have been more keerful, for your sake. But don't cry. I'll tell everybody you wasn't to blame.'

"'Durn it!' says Ab. 'Now, I'd like to know what I'm a-goin' to do!'

"'What am *I* a-goin' to do, you great, no-account calf?' says Annette, spittin' out at him an' stompin' her foot.

"'Howdy?' Says Ab, Making the Best of it. 'Fine Evenin'!'"

'That ain't no consequence, is it? Oh, you ——! I'll never forgive you as long as I live.'

"Before Ab could open his mouth, she whirled around an' started tords home. He stood a while, gawpin' after her, but he didn't foller, an', presently, he struck out, licketty split, fer Vibilia.

He didn't bust out all at oncet, but, after him an' Vibby had been talkin' a while, he 'lowed, casual, that he'd met up with Annette on the way over, an' had gussed with her.

"'Oh, you did, did you?' says Vibilia, her eyes beginnin' to snap.

"'It jest happened by chance,' says Ab, 'an' we jest talked friendly. I was talkin' about Libby Spooner. "Durn Libby!" I says to Annette.'

"'Why?' asks Vibby.

"'Oh, I jest hain't got no use fer her,' says Ab, clearin' his throat. 'I got a gravel in my shoe an' I sat down to ease it. We—we sat down fer a minit or two.'

"'Oh!' says Vibilia, bringin' her lips together tight.

"'An' jest as my foot was a-feelin' easy an' I was gittin' up to go, there was a hard knot in Annette's sunbunnet strings, an' I helped her ontie it,' says Ab; 'I hatter.'

"'Course, you did,' says Vibilia, plesunt as pie. 'Was it a *very* hard knot, Ab?'

"'It suttenly was,' says Ab; 'I hatter take my teeth to it. But —— What's the matter, Vibby?'

"'Oh, nothin',' says Vibilia, 'on'y I'll git you to 'scuse me jest now. I'm too busy to be gassin' here. You might go see if Annette hain't got time fer you.'

"'Vibby,' says Ab, lookin' speshully injered, 'you don't need to ack thataway. There hain't nothin' to get mad erbout. If it wasn't all innercent an' aboveboard there wouldn't have been no need o' me tellin' you. It's jest becus I kain't keep nothin' from you an' becus I jest nachally kain't lie to you that I told you. You don't need to get mad about Annette.'

"'I hain't,' says Vibilia; 'I hain't mad a mite; but I do hate a fool.' An' with that she flipped her skirts an' shot back inter the house.

"'Well, blame the luck!' says Ab. 'Doggoned if *she* ain't mad!'

"He 'lowed he'd lay low for a while, thinkin' Vibilia'd come around purty soon an' eat sugar out o' his hand;

(Concluded on page 30)

"If You Ever Tied a Gal's Sunbunnet on fer Her You Know What Happened"

A CLEAR FIELD

How One Pair of Glasses Opened Two People's Eyes

BY

Mary Stewart Cutting

HERE are your glasses now, Mr. Johnson. It was quick work to make a new pair at such short notice; it's fortunate you were in town when the others broke."

The optician's assistant, young and narrow-faced, with very black "pompadour" hair, and eyeglasses that shone like jewels, leaned over the showcase toward a square-set, bronzed, athletic-looking young man in tweeds with a bag of golf clubs beside him, who had been watching the clock that hung between the dark-cased barometers on the wall.

"Let me adjust these on you. Take care, sir! There go the pair you had on."

"It's of no consequence," said the gentleman addressed as Mr. Johnson, stooping over to pick up the two broken bits of crystal as he spoke. "They were an old pair that were never any good. I was suffering with them all last evening."

"Ah!" said the optician's assistant. He gazed enigmatically at his customer with an effect of something unpleasant withheld from speech. "You're very near-sighted, aren't you? I suppose you know that you take an unusually strong lens. Have a good deal of trouble with your eyes, don't you?"

"None at all," said Mr. Johnson shortly, all the more shortly that it wasn't true. He had been having trouble lately, although he had laid it to the same old score of his health. When he overworked, as he had been doing all summer until this last week, he always felt the strain first in his eyes: a merely functional disturbance, that disappeared gradually as he got rested.

It always annoyed him intensely when unfamiliar opticians exclaimed at his peculiarity of vision, as if it were an interestingly novel fact. Did they only have people with perfect eyesight come to them? he wondered. The old man, not present to-day, who was the father of this gleaming assistant, and in whose guttural utterances one put an unquestioning faith, had once said to Philip:

"Your eyes are all right. You come to me always and I keep them right," and in that dictum Philip had rested.

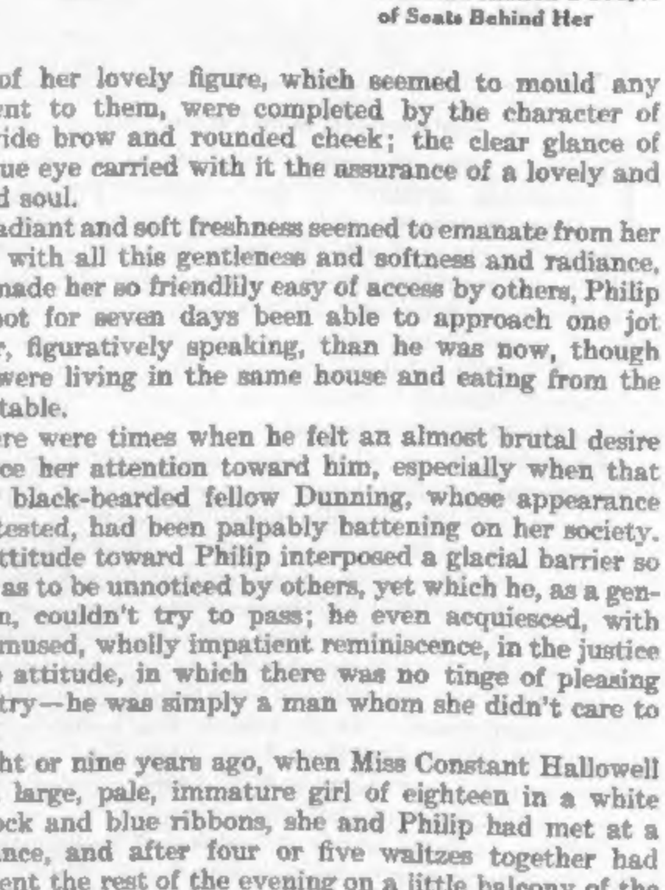
But as he strove now to hurry on his way to the station the disquieting tones seemed distinct. The streets lay in a dazzling blaze of sunshine and were crowded impedingly not only with a moving throng of men and women and large-hatted girls, but also with stationary groups of men, talking and gesticulating in the middle of the pavement—the populace going and coming at noontime from offices and department stores, people who must eternally eat at restaurants in the middle of the day. It was sometimes hard to thread one's way competently even with the help of the new glasses.

Philip had foolishly gone to a show the night before in which calcium lights had borne a lurid part, and a headache and intermittent blur of vision were still affecting him. It was a great relief to get at last out of the August glare into the semi-darkness of the station and the waiting train, after first assisting a tall and beautiful young woman up the steps of it. Her slight, accustomed acknowledgment of a courtesy ended his anticipation there; the poise of her charming figure as she preceded him down the dusk of the aisle contained, as he distinctly felt, no invitation to him to follow her companionably, although they had been fellow-occupants of the same hostelry for a week, and were both bound for it now. Philip was used to both open and tentative advances from women on slight acquaintance; so used, indeed, that he took this evidence of popularity without conceit, and, indeed, without much thought of any kind, as customary with any one; it was simply pleasant or boring, as occasion served. He would have been ashamed to think that he had an unusually pleasing personality, added to which was that masculine charm which consists in keeping under a frank and open manner a reserve that is at once divined, and that piques feminine curiosity. He had been in love, more or less, several times without abrogating this latter quality—he had never been his inner self with any woman as he was with his friends who were men.

He did not feel like talking now, yet Miss Hallowell's continued, tacit refusal of his company nettled him unwarrantably. He had not owned to himself how much he had counted on the chances of this little journey to-day—he had heard the day before that she was to take a trip to town this morning.

He had, however, a truly masculine enthusiasm for beauty, as a Best Good in itself, and it was a satisfaction to establish himself a couple of seats behind her on the other side of the aisle, where, in the intervals of blinding headache increased by the motion of the train, he could let his eyes dwell, whether she would or no, on the exquisite slope of her shoulder, the curve of her long throat, the melting shadow on her cheek, and the rich, plentiful, upward sweep of her thick, glinting brown hair.

The sight was in itself both alluring and delicately restful. Miss Hallowell was a person who gave even to the casual observer an extraordinary impression of harmony in her outer and inner attributes. The large and candid



And it was a Satisfaction to Establish Himself a Couple of Seats Behind Her

lines of her lovely figure, which seemed to mould any garment to them, were completed by the character of her wide brow and rounded cheek; the clear glance of her blue eye carried with it the assurance of a lovely and candid soul.

A radiant and soft freshness seemed to emanate from her—yet with all this gentleness and softness and radiance, that made her so friendlily easy of access by others, Philip had not for seven days been able to approach one jot nearer, figuratively speaking, than he was now, though they were living in the same house and eating from the same table.

There were times when he felt an almost brutal desire to force her attention toward him, especially when that sickly black-bearded fellow Dunning, whose appearance he detested, had been palpably battening on her society. Her attitude toward Philip interposed a glacial barrier so slight as to be unnoticed by others, yet which he, as a gentleman, couldn't try to pass; he even acquiesced, with half amused, wholly impatient reminiscence, in the justice of the attitude, in which there was no tinge of pleasing coquetry—he was simply a man whom she didn't care to know.

Eight or nine years ago, when Miss Constant Hallowell was a large, pale, immature girl of eighteen in a white frock and blue ribbons, she and Philip had met at a dance, and after four or five waltzes together had spent the rest of the evening on a little balcony of the casino, where the moonlight had given to her white gown and her youthful fairness an angelically spiritual suggestion. Did I say that Philip had never shown his inner self to any woman? For that hour he had shown it—the two had talked as two souls do talk sometimes in very strange places, without regard to either sex or age. They had talked of life as they each wanted to live it, of death as they must think of it if they wished to live at all. It was one of those hours that cannot be compelled, and which leave a wonder behind them.

When they parted he had eagerly asked for permission to call at her home in the suburb of a neighboring city. A couple of months later, after some formal correspondence as to the date, he had tramped a muddy, unlighted mile from the railway station to make one of a family circle in the Hallowell parlor, where Constant, large and thick looking, in a gown of woolen plaid, sat embarrassingly dumb, while he was being entertained by her stout, amiably questioning mother, and her aunt, a youngish, modish woman, indescribably frost-bitten, beside whom the grandmother, also present, seemed almost peachily blooming. . . . Philip carried away an impression of that awful call never to be effaced. Some little while later Constant wrote him a note inviting him to dinner on a certain Friday, and, with the guilelessness of inexperience, offering him the choice of any other day thereafter if he couldn't come on the one she suggested. Philip waited to answer that letter—waited longer still. He never answered it.

It was one of those dreadful omissions of which most of us are guilty at some time, and for which there is never any excuse to offer. A year later, at a wedding

The Great Wheel Began to Revolve, Turning Slowly

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in two parts.

reception, he saw Constant from afar, and, with the fatal cowardice of his shame, successfully evaded her, with the tingling conviction, afterward, that she had known it. Since then he had not seen her until a week ago, when she had come to The Nook for rest after a strenuous year of journalistic work. There was no longer any family circle.

"Hello, Johnson!"

The voice of the man behind him made him start as the train whizzed from under the semi-darkness of an overhanging bridge.

"Oh, is that you, Stevens?"

"Yes, I hadn't the least idea that you were in front of me until you turned," said Mr. Stevens, with what seemed reproach in his tones. He was a slim, light, very correctly-dressed young man, whose chief characteristic was earnestness. "I telephoned over to The Nook last night from our bungalow, but you weren't there. I was just going to ask Miss Hallowell to take a note to you. By George, I said I'd send her a five-pound box of chocolates, and I forgot clean about it, but she isn't the kind that would lay it up against one. She spent two hours the other night helping me to take a splinter out of Bounder's paw—she'd do anything for an animal. See here, Johnson, I want to know if you won't take my place as 'barker' at the show to-night—the carnival, you know." The carnival was a combination of circus and show, whose performances were hired to swell the funds of charity, aided thereto by the amateur efforts of good society. "I've got to go on to Boston now."

"Why, I thought you were head and front of the whole thing," exclaimed Philip in surprise.

Stevens was, he knew, noted for his ardor in getting people to undertake schemes, and then sliding from under himself. He answered now: "Yes, I know, but I've got to go to Boston. I hope you won't fail me, Johnson; it's so discouraging when people fail us, and it's really very important to have the carnival a success. The county hospital needs the money. We must have enough barkers; we can't be one tent short."

"I refused in the first instance, you know," argued Philip. "I'd like to oblige you, but, honestly, Stevens, I don't see how I can." He gave way to what he felt was a futile frankness. "I've got to qualify this afternoon for the tournament, so I'm obliged to leave a lot of writing for to-night, and I've got a splitting headache now. I don't see how I can bark, really."

"Well, of course, if you feel that way about it," said the plainly unconvinced Stevens. "Try and get Fancher, then, will you? No, by the way, he's gone to Canada. Well, hunt up Cole, then; his telephone number isn't in the book, but you can get it from Central—I tried myself for an hour last night, and had to give it up, after all, or I wouldn't ask you now. You see, I've promised to get some one in my place, and it puts them in an awful hole to be short one barker."

"Oh, I'll take the job," said Philip resignedly. It would be less trouble than following out the plans of the conscientious Stevens, who was ready to track possible coadjutors through space by proxy. "All right, all *right;* don't say any more about it. I'll bark. Hello, I didn't know we were here already." He waved a hand back at Stevens as he jumped up and strode down the aisle in the wake of Miss Hallowell, who, he felt, with a fresh access of irritation, was getting out promptly so that he shouldn't help her down. Perhaps it was as well that he hadn't tried to. As he got off himself his foot went just beyond the step and slipped between the platform and the train, which began to move slowly. It was really only for an instant that he lay sprawled out there, face downward, at the mercy of those grinding cogs and wheels, before some one hauled him upright and out of danger, but it wasn't a pleasant instant—it left him amazingly shaken. He heard a voice asking quickly: "Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" and hardly realized, in his disgust at the stupidity of his fall, that those were Miss Hallowell's blue eyes upturned to his in candid anxiety until the interest had faded out of them at his answer, "Not at all," and she was already walking toward the sloping path that led to The Nook. Philip usually footed it to the links, but to-day he was fain to bundle himself and his golf clubs into the "depot wagon," a mysteriously depressing vehicle which, though drawn by an incredibly slow, weak-kneed white horse, shook and lurched as though at the behest of the highest speed; out all day in the clover-scented sweetness of the open air, it yet reeked cloggingly of the stable, and the narrow leather sides were invariably frescoed with dried mud, though drought had claimed the countryside for weeks.

"You're back early," said Mrs. Lumley welcomingly, as Philip, a couple of hours later, stood looking in at the long French window of the living-room, which seemed unusually full of people at that hour. A group of card-players that included Miss Hallowell and Mr. Dunning were stationed over by the door, and the intervening space was occupied by embroidering women; two children, stretched at full length on the floor, were offering a satiny green apple to a large red setter with a fringed tail that flapped obliviously. Philip, after what seemed a moment's hesitancy, stepped over the sill and took the place on the old mahogany sofa by Mrs. Lumley, to which her gesture had invited him, although she was a person whom he usually rather avoided; she was a light-eyed, snub-nosed, graceful woman, undeniably picturesque, but with a manufactured quality in her picturesqueness, a triviality in her charm, which seemed always about to offend some wincing fibre of good taste.

She greeted him now with animation. "Do let me put this pillow back of your head and make you comfy—you look worn out. I stuffed all the pillows behind me so that those dreadful Smiths shouldn't get them. They take them off to the hammock every afternoon, if you don't look out! A lot of us complained, but it didn't do any good. They won't speak to anybody now but Mrs. Freeling. Do you know, her husband hasn't been up here once! We think he's a myth, or else she's getting a divorce. But I'm so desperately interested in the tournament. What was your score this afternoon?"

His Step Faltered as if Some Sustaining Quality had Already Departed

"I didn't qualify," said Philip shortly, passing his hand over his eyes involuntarily, as if to brush away something in front of them.

"You didn't qualify!" Mrs. Lumley gazed at him with real astonishment; even the players at the table glanced up. "Why, I thought you were one of the crack players!"

"Oh, I'm a very uncertain one—something seems to have gone wrong with my stroke lately."

"You were out too late in town last night," said Mrs. Lumley, with triumphant divination. Her voice dropped to a murmur. "You shouldn't have deserted us! Never mind, you paid up for it—Miss Bloom recited."

"Ah, indeed?" said Philip with an instinctive twinkle in response to hers. "That consoles me for missing an evening of your society. Deliver me from a girl who recites—it always makes me feel ashamed for her; Heaven only knows why!"

"And Miss Hallowell sang for us at last."

"Oh!"

"It appears that Mr. Dunning had had a bad day, and when he couldn't sleep he sent down to ask her. We turned out all the lamps and she sang in the moonlight. She says she can only sing for certain people. Of course, she's the retiring kind that will do anything for a *man*. Very handsome girl, isn't she?"

"Do you think so?" asked Philip. His eyes—he couldn't help it—said: "I consider you much handsomer."

Mrs. Lumley blushed a little—unnecessarily, perhaps—to show her appreciation of the gaze. Then she began in the tone which Philip knew fatally well. "I wonder if you would care to join a little party that we are getting up for to-morrow morning—Mr. Mackenzie, the Westmores, and my humble self—to walk to the Falls. They say the Falls are so beautiful now."

"Thank you. But I'm afraid I'll not be able to go," said Philip. He was, unless he looked out sharply, always being nailed to small and large engagements for things which he didn't want to do in the least. To take a hot and dusty walk to the Falls in company with a set of uninspiring people whom he had at three meals a day, anyway, was no inducement. He would have walked seven miles in an opposite direction to get away from them. Even Mrs. Lumley began to repel as she clung more confidently. He was so used to detaching himself from people who didn't want to let him go that the process had almost become mechanical. As he rose now Mrs. Lumley's face fell perceptibly, but she made another smiling effort:

"Of course, we'll all be at the carnival to-night. What time do you think we ought to start?"

"You had better ask some one who can tell you more about that than I," said Philip agreeably. "*I* only know that I am to bark!" He started, as he spoke, for the door. The room seemed in the dim light to be extraordinarily full of chairs and people, not to speak of that sprawling, moving group on the floor, which, after all, he managed to skirt in safety, although he hit once against a rocker. He could not see the odd, startled expression on the face of one of the players turned his way. As he was passing the table some one rose precipitately, colliding against Philip with immediate apology. Colliding? It was a slight yet definite push with two hands, which deflected him to one side, and in front of what he now perceived was the open doorway. Where, then, had he been steering before—into the blank wall? The thought was menacing and terrible. It did not take away from the strangeness of the incident that his rescuer had been Miss Hallowell; he had felt the indescribable freshness of her presence, her hair had touched his face, her white dress had brushed against him. She must have seen. What *had* she seen? He went upstairs whistling with forced lightness, his mind filled with the confusion of the occurrence.

This clinging blankness that he couldn't push away from him, that made all outlines blurred and dim—the misstep of the train, the failing game, the misdirection now—something, indefinably perceived, indefinably feared as possible at some far future time, had happened: something had gone wrong with his eyes.

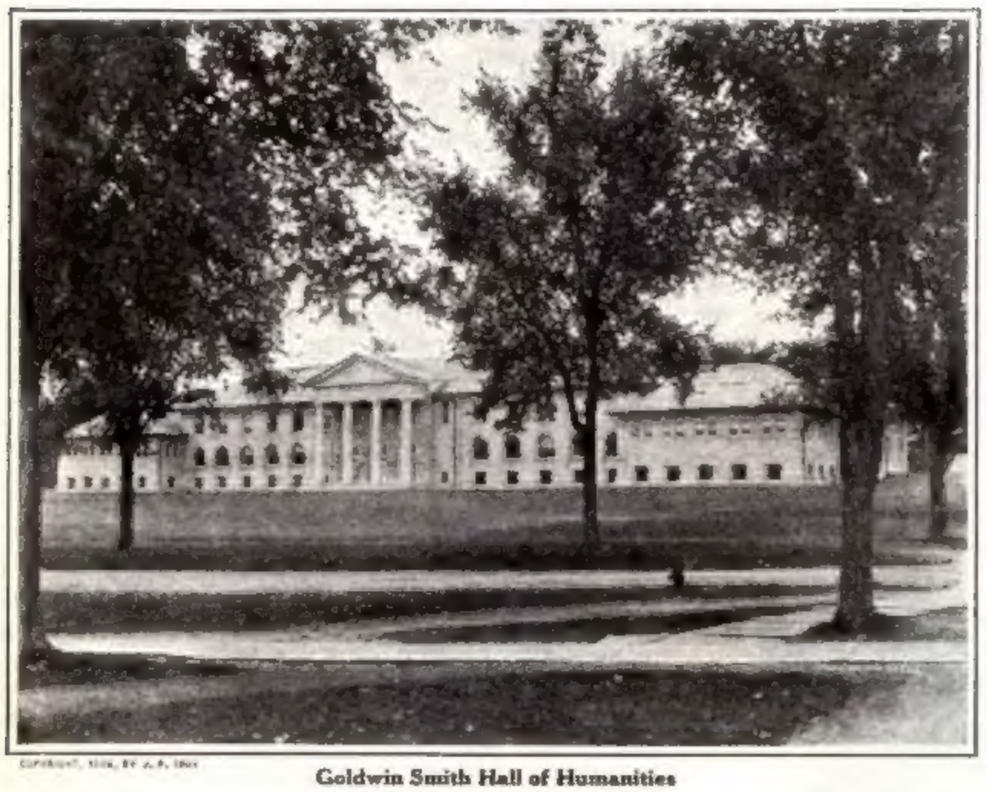
He dropped into a chair by the open window in his room. This condition was but a natural outcome of the haunting symptoms of away back. He had been writing much too late at night, forcing his eyes, as he well knew, even since coming here for rest. Yet he might have gone on for years—he had expected to have gone on for years—without getting any worse. Those murderous calciums of the night before had given the additional stroke. It was monstrous to suppose that his life was coming to an end in this way—he wouldn't think of such a thing. Yet, what if it were true? Unbelievable things happened! All kinds of stories of blind people came swiftly thronging into his mind—he knew of one man who had learned Greek during a year of darkness; his wife had sat on the other side of a thin partition, teaching him orally. Another one, well known, perfected wonderful inventions in his isolation. There were not wanting historical instances of people whose triumphant individuality had given a solace above all restrictions, but such ideas, interesting before, now seemed to him horrible. He felt a passionate desire for daylight; even the darkening shadows of the evening oppressed him like the foreknowledge of something that was always to be his. He wouldn't try to go out in the evening any more after to-night. *After to-night!* If he could manage that! If he had not promised Stevens hard and fast he would not have gone. He had a sickening fear of detection, of somebody's finding out that he couldn't see, as if their knowledge would clinch it as a fact forever. Kind-hearted people would be offering to lead him, they would show the pitying attention given to the crippled—then they would begin to avoid him. He had done the same by others. . . . After a long while he took off his glasses and bathed his eyes, which ached unbearably—fumbling around helplessly afterward, as he always had to without them, with feeling finger-tips, for his toilet accessories. But when he put them on again his heart went up with the rebound. It seemed that his vision was clearer than it had ever been, every leaf on the tree outside his window stood out distinct

(Continued on Page 22)

Which College for the Boy?

CORNELL: A Technical University

By JOHN CORBIN



Goldwin Smith Hall of Humanities

CORNELL has not the reputation of being modest with regard to its achievements; in point of fact, it is not a bit modester than any healthy-minded person ought to be; yet the Dean of the College of Engineering, when questioned as to its rank as a technical institution, outvied the violet. He equaled the arbutus, indeed, which is much more truly modest than the violet; for, instead of rearing aloft its shyly averted head for all the world to see, it hides beneath a mould of fallen leaves and blushes pink when it is discovered.

By no means, asserted the Dean, was Cornell to be regarded as the foremost technical institution of the country. There were many schools of engineering of the first rank—at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at the Universities of Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan, at Stevens and at the Troy Polytechnic.

Then, put the question another way, said the patient inquirer: Was it not through its technical schools that Cornell first made its reputation before the country?

By no means. It was the high ideals, the creative genius of Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White, that made its scholarly greatness and with it its reputation.

Third down and no gain. Now, for a desperate drop-kick for goal: Was not its present reputation that of a technical institution? It seems an innocent question, but at the sound of it Cornell was itself again. That was true, said Dean Smith—unfortunately true, for the reputation was an error. Cornell was more than an aggregation of technical schools. It was, in the fullest sense of the word, a university. The mere technical school turns out a narrow specialist, but it was the ideal of Cornell to turn out specialists who were also men of liberal culture—able thinkers, writers and speakers, efficient men among men. The modern engineer has to be more than a technician; he has to deal with the exponents of big and advanced ideas, to make himself the inspiration and the instrument of broad sweeps of industrial progress.

Then the only reason, the reporter suggested, why Cornell could not claim to lead the technical schools was that it was in a different and a higher class. The shy arbutus blushed. It had been discovered. Cornell was a technical university perhaps, but the accent was strong on "university."

The voice of Dean Smith was that of the Ithaca *Zeitgeist*. President Schurman put the case thus: When Cornell was founded, there happened to be one great field unoccupied in American universities—that of technical training. Cornell tilled it to the utmost, and reaped the reward. From the outset, however, it was strong in other departments; but it got little credit for the fact, for other universities were as strong or stronger, and having long occupied the field, unduly overshadowed Cornell. The present aim of the university is to make known what it has accomplished in arts, pure science and the liberal professions, and to build itself up still higher.

Doctor White, who lives on the campus and keeps a watchful and kindly eye on the creation of his youth, points out that from the start the university enjoyed the lectures of a corps of non-resident professors, which included the most distinguished men of the time—Louis Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, Goldwin Smith, Matthew Arnold, James Anthony Froude, E. A. Freeman. Always the aim had been to make breadth of character and depth of culture go hand in hand with utilitarian training.

For the site of the university they chose a splendidly picturesque hill. To climb it from the residential quarter below caused a local malady known as leg fever; but what of that? It lay between two romantic gorges, the wooded declivities of which murmured to the rush of waters. In one of them gleamed a waterfall higher than Niagara. From the summit were to be seen the most magnificent views of hill-tops, valleys and Alpine waters commanded by any university in the world. The exercises that opened the new institution began with the pealing of chimes—a luxury unknown in any American university. The bells hung in a rudely-improvised wooden steeple, and were manifestly out of tune. No matter: They now hang in a lofty romanesque tower surmounting the library, and in this present year of grace are going back to the bell founder to be recast and to have new bells added, so that the chimes may peal harmoniously in various keys.

There you have the symbol of the university as a whole. It was rude in its beginnings, and the intended note is not always sounded; but its ambition is to run through the full gamut of education and culture.

Though independent in endowment, Cornell is historically and in spirit closely allied to our State universities. Its origin is in the Morrill land grant of 1862, from which so many noble institutions have sprung. Ezra Cornell, inventor and company manager, was serving in the State Senate. A self-made man, he took shame, it is said, that he was not able to understand the Latin quotations with which his colleagues interlarded their speeches, and determined that, if he could help matters, no eager young man in the future should suffer his humiliation. However this may be, he united with a youthful fellow-senator, Andrew D. White, to prevent the State from dividing, scattering and wasting the Federal grants of land, as so many other States have done. Local self-interest, mainly emanating from feeble and jealous denominational colleges, arrayed itself strongly against them and in favor of partitioning the lands.

If any one thinks it an easy and a delightful vocation to do good to his fellow-men, let him read the records of those years. To check the onslaughts of bigotry and ignorance, Cornell had to reach deep into his own pocket, and then, to secure the full returns from the lands put in his charge, he was obliged to devote the best years of his maturity in locating them in distant parts of the country and in administering them. His reward was lifelong obloquy. In fact, after forty years the voice of calumny is still heard. His enemies charged, with a lack of consistency which did not in the least detract from their vehemence, that he was seeking to glorify his name at the expense of the State, that he was building up a "godless" university, and that he was using the national land grant to swell his private fortune. His was a nature stoic to the point of austerity and taciturn to the point of secretiveness. It was enough for him that he secured for New York many times the sums any other State received from its Federal grants and left the university free alike from the dominance of bigotry and of politics.

It is highly characteristic that Andrew D. White first won the admiration of Ezra Cornell by opposing him. It was he, in fact, who pointed out the paramount necessity of keeping the grant intact, so as to found a university worthy of the name. He had no illusions as to the kind of education that had made their fellow-Solons so glib in Latinity. Yale man though he was, and what is more, a Bones man, he was radically, even bitterly, opposed to the old-fashioned curriculum of his *alma mater*—a series of dry, soulless recitations from textbooks in science, mathematics and the classics, which every man was forced to undergo, whatever his capacities, and beyond which the college offered nothing. He had continued his education in Germany, and then taken a professorship of history at Ann Arbor, where he found the German tradition in full swing. When Ezra Cornell called him to be president of the new foundation, he regarded the foremost of the State universities as a force destined to prove the salvation of higher education in America. As he has himself said, Cornell is the daughter of the University of Michigan.

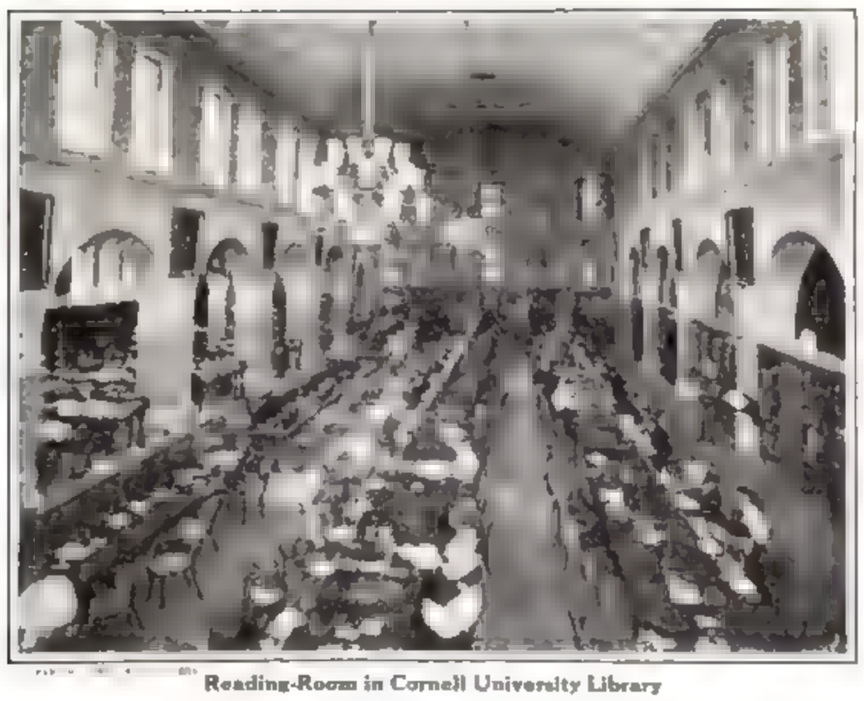
As happened at the parent institution, German ideals gave way for the time to American practicality. The older colleges of the East had preëmpted the field of "liberal" education as they understood it, and were attracting the sons of the rich. Like the State universities, Cornell had to begin with boys from the plow, the saw and the anvil—a necessity by no means disconcerting to the founder.

His ideal, since inscribed on the seal of the university, was: "I would found an institution where any person can receive instruction in any subject." To live up to the terms of its charter, the university had to open its doors before the buildings, few as they were, were completed—before there were doors to open, or windows to shut, for that matter.

This was in 1868. Ezra Cornell announced through the press that students without means would be able, by working one-half of each day on the unfinished plant, to pay the expenses of their education, which would occupy the other half. Doctor White is at pains to explain in his autobiography that he was absent from Ithaca when the offer was made. Destitute enthusiasts arrived in droves, unfit either to labor or to learn. One was the father of a family, and was grieved to find that no provision could be made for his offspring in case of his demise. Another was a teamster from a Western State, who could neither read nor write. When remonstrated with, he quoted the words of the founder: "I would found an institution where any person can receive instruction in any subject." Most of the students, however, were sturdy, self-respecting youths, who hoped by hard work and self-denial to rise above their origin.

The technical colleges lead in numbers, as in reputation. Out of a total registration of 3442, almost one-third, or 1072, are under Dean Smith in the Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering. This includes a department of Electrical Engineering and one of Naval Architecture, the latter having a naval tank in a canal above a neighboring waterfall, which is only less admirable than that at the University of Michigan. In spite of the qualified modesty of its dean, Sibley College is believed at Cornell, and in many other places, to be the most successful department of its kind in the country—perhaps, in any country. It gave evidence of its quality as early as the Centennial Exposition of 1876. In the fair devoted to a century of American progress, Sibley exhibited a steam engine of advanced and salable design, surface plates, power lathes

Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering



Reading-Room in Cornell University Library

and tools of precision, all constructed for the occasion by its pupils. The country received the exhibit with the neglectful silence which for so many decades made modesty of doubtful value at Ithaca. In a neighboring booth a school of technology in Moscow put forth certain engines and tools of antiquated design and no merchantable value, but exquisitely finished and showily arranged. The head of an American technical school wrote an enthusiastic magazine article declaring that the Russian exhibit pointed out the path of progress to American schools.

In his fascinating autobiography, Andrew D. White, the mildest-mannered man that ever committed murder with flat irony, relates that, when he was Minister to Russia, one Wischniegradsky, formerly head of the Moscow School of Technology and then Minister of Finance, praised American railroading. The climax was reached when Moscow methods proved inadequate to Russian needs, and "men from American schools, trained in the methods of Cornell, sent out locomotives and machinery of all sorts for the new Trans-Siberian Railway, the starting point of which was this very Moscow, whose technical school was praised by American critics."

Another of the triumphs of Sibley was to build a dynamo and with it light the college campus when electric lighting was all but unknown in the United States. Doctor White also relates that he foresaw the future of electricity, and, overcoming opposition from the university by pledging his own private resources for this, founded the department of electrical engineering—"the first ever known in the United States and, so far as I can learn, the first ever known in any country."

Adding to Sibley the College of Civil Engineering (460), the College of Architecture (81), the State College of Agriculture and the State College of Veterinary Medicine (86), the number of technical students is 1960, or almost two-thirds of the total registration. The two latter, rejoicing in recent liberal grants from the State, have erected new buildings and are looking to a rapid increase in quality of instruction and the number of students. There is no School of Mines.

All of these colleges, except possibly that of architecture, are of the highest rank, having a long record of able teaching and famous graduates. Nowhere has the ideal of scientific training in a profession given way to a specious "practicality." The engineering students learn to calculate actual stresses, and to study the economic application of power; but they spend little of their time in manual labor and none of the funds of the institution in operating blast-furnaces and Bessemer converters. The students in agriculture study the chemistry of soils and the preparation of lotions for exterminating destructive insects and parasitic bacteria; they make reports on the efficiency of fertilizers and on the productivity of various seeds; they assist in the manufacture of butter and cheese by means of the most recent methods; they study the breeding and the care of cattle, horses, sheep, pigs and poultry. But the routine work of the farm is delegated to hired men.

The colleges of liberal professions are smaller and less distinguished. There is no school of theology. The law school has 204 students, all of them taking a three-years' course, though a four-years' course is offered. Its instruction is mainly by the "case system," though some of the teaching is from textbooks. The College of Medicine numbers 323 regular students. To gain hospital facilities, the two upper classes are in New York City, where the institution is doing excellent work. The instruction of the two lower years is given both in New York and in Ithaca.

The College of Arts and Sciences, numbering 735, contains only a little more than a fifth of the total registration, and is one-third smaller than the single technical department of mechanical and electrical engineering. Its departments of economics, history and philosophy are strong, owing probably to Doctor White's influence, as are also the departments of pure science, owing to the influence of the technical colleges.

From the outset the instruction has been inspired by German ideals, and the elective system is espoused with an ardor only equaled by its quixotic champion, Harvard. Museums have been an object of especial care.

The library is one of the three or four largest in the country, numbering 350,000 volumes, among which there is a very small proportion of superseded books and other dead matter. Doctor White has given it his vast private collection in history and economics, and it contains also the best collection in the country in Dante, Petrarch and Romance Literature in general. The graduate school, numbering 213, is large in proportion to the undergraduate department. Yet, after all has been said, both are of a secondary order.

In its technical departments, in short, Cornell is seriously rivaled only by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; but in all other departments many institutions overtop it.

It is not quite clear that Cornell has succeeded in imbuing its technical students with the true spirit of university education. Some of them are college graduates, but for the most part they come straight from the preparatory school. The lectures of the brilliant group of non-resident professors used to assemble and inspire the entire university; but they are a thing of the past, and the regular work is so absorbing that the students have little time for non-technical culture.

View of North Part of Campus from Sage Tower

In law and medicine an increasing number of American institutions keep alive the true university spirit by requiring the A. B. degree for entrance. The Cornell medical school encourages students to take the A. B. by permitting them to count the last year in the course as the first year of medical study, so that both degrees may be taken in seven years; and there is talk of raising the standard of both medical and law schools by requiring two, and perhaps four, years of college work. But as yet the vast majority of students are without culture in the humanities.

The enlargement of intelligence and the training of the mind are only a part, however, of the function of higher education. Popular common-sense regards our universities as seminars for the propagation of manners as well as of the scientific spirit—laboratories for the testing of character as well as of gases. There is a general belief that one can tell a Yale man from a Harvard man or a Princeton man at sight. In this matter of university tradition and atmosphere Cornell has, in the scant four decades of its life, made notable progress. It was once the supercilious habit of older institutions to look down on it as a university of farmers. That, in some measure, it still is, but the fact is very far from being prejudicial.

The ambition to rise means energy, but not always ability. Doctor White early devised an original and highly effective means of insuring that those who receive financial aid from the university shall be fit to profit by it. There are four scholarships for each of the 150 Assembly Districts of the State of New York, and they are awarded by competitive examination. When students already in residence are overtaken by poverty their fees are remitted and money is advanced, but only in case they are of proved mental calibre. Mediocrity is prevented from leaving its proper field on the farm or in the mechanic arts to make a failure in the technical and learned professions. The Cornell system has the further advantage of creating a vital bond between the State school system and the university—a bond which has already resulted in raising the standards of both. In so far as Cornell is a farmers' university, the fact is to its soundest advantage.

And it is far more than this. Year by year it is attracting larger numbers of the sons of the well-to-do who respect simple and solid efficiency. Over half of the students come from New York; but every State and Territory of the Union is represented in approximate proportion to its population, from Pennsylvania, which sends 310 students, to Indian Territory, which sends two, and Idaho, which alone sends one. The dependencies of Porto Rico and Hawaii together send nine. Twenty-nine foreign countries send 130 students, among them all the leading countries of Europe, Asia and South America. There is a Cosmopolitan Club at Cornell, which is parent of the similar organization at Michigan. Wholesomely sectional in its origin, Cornell is as wholesomely national and international.

It might almost be taken as a corollary of this that its spirit is vigorously athletic. Doctor White was himself a boating man, and penned the first challenge to row that ever passed between Yale and Harvard. He has always encouraged sane inter-university sports, and he recalls with special pride that he gave the shells for its first contests between rival factions at home. It used to be said, and not altogether in jest, that Cornell owed its success on the water to the fact that the men had to climb the hill so many times a day. Now there is a trolley; but the university is more clearly than ever supreme in boating—an eminence held by no other university in any sport, not even by Yale in football. In times past Ithaca seemed prone to assert its own glory. Much is to be forgiven to youth, especially when it is denied the opportunity to prove its mettle. Now Cornell has met its chief opponents and vanquished them, and the once vociferous rowing dog barks no more. Even Yale is forgiven to the extent of occasional baseball games.

For variety in athletic prowess Cornell is less remarkable than for excellence in its favorite sport; but in recent years it has made rapid advances in football, baseball, on the track and in several minor sports. For the first time in Ithaca, I saw undergraduates making "dope sheets" on the intercollegiate championships and checking them off as the results were announced by telegraph. No influence is more powerful in creating a vigorous and united university spirit than athletics.

The social organization, like that at Michigan, blends the characteristic features of the West and the East. Nowhere, to my knowledge, has the fraternity system been more fully developed. The chapter houses line the lofty, wooded crest of Cascadilla Gorge, murmurous with the sound of tumbling waters, or hang on the declivity of the campus hill, commanding the noble prospect of Cayuga Lake and the restful lap of Ithaca Valley with its vigorous hills beyond. If the homes of American undergraduates

(Continued on Page 38)

Yachting on Cayuga Lake

WHEN THE FLAG FALLS

The Call of the Vine and the Fig-Tree

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

Batty Logan was Despondent

I

BATTY LOGAN and I were out in the paddock looking on idly while a stable-boy rubbed down a mettlesome mare. Batty was in a meditative mood. It was a longing for his own vine and fig-tree; a vision of contentment viewed through hazy anticipation; happiness in perspective beside his own hearthstone.

"Say, Beau," he remarked after a while, "I guess it'd be pretty punk, wouldn't it, to go home every night, weary an' exhausted from usin' a lead-pipe on the bookies, an' have Tootsie-Wootsie meet you at the front door with a kiss?"

"It all depends," I ventured diplomatically.

"Seems to me it'd be just fairly rotten to find your slippers waitin' so you could sit down an' warm your kicks by the open plumbin' preliminary to drawin' up to a modest repast o' hummin'-bird tongue an' onions?"

"There are worse things," I admitted.

"An' after the nuts you'd light your cigar an' put your feet on the mantel, while Tootsie'd read you a couple o' yards o' poetry, an' you'd both get good *an'* mushy. Wow! Wow! I guess that wouldn't be goin' some? Huh?"

This was the feeling that has drawn men from the ends of the earth to a cottage in a shady lane. Every one has known it.

"You know, Beau," Batty mused on, "I ain't never had no more home than a jack-rabbit. I don't know what it means. Before I got a half-Nelson on the bookies an' jiu-jitsued 'em down to their collar-buttons, me downy couch used to be a dry-goods box up a back alley, an' I had the original blue counterpin ever' night, except when it was cloudy. Honest, I'm gettin' real nutty about a place to live. Gert'd have to be there, of course."

"Naturally," I agreed.

"I want a home, you know—a home with hot an' cold janitor service, an' Brussels sprouts growin' out o' me own Brussels carpet, an' twenty-seven electric lights in one room—if I want 'em. An' every day I'd put me trusty lead-pipe in me back pocket, an' go down to the track, an' know that Gert'd be waitin' for me when I got back home—perhaps. All she'd have to do would be to 'tend the baby—B. Logan, Jr.—an' dodge the installment man, an' cop things out o' the dum' waiter as it went past. It sure does sound mighty good to meh!"

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou——"

I quoted.

"Gee! That's the cheese, Beau. Who said it?"

"Omar Khayyam."

"Well, Omar Cayenne certainly is the pepper, ain't he? A book o' pomes, a scuttle o' hops, some pumpernickel an' Gert out under a tree. Oh, me gran'mother! He don't know what a guy wants. Oh, no! An' here me livin' in a hotel where they charge me two dollars every time I take a glass o' ice-water. An', Beau, take my word for it—ain't nothin' there but four straight walls, a bed, a crippled table an' one indecent light. Ain't that a joint to call home? Oh, me! Oh, my! Oh, mamma!"

Batty went over and tentatively caressed the flank of the mare. He side-stepped just in time to avoid a vicious kick.

"What's her name, son?" he inquired of the stable-boy.

"Blue Bell. She's goin' in the first race."

Batty returned to where I stood.

"Say, Beau," he inquired, "when you're goin' to marry a girl, how do you tell her?"

"You don't tell her," I explained. "You ask her."

"Aw, quit your kiddin', quit your kiddin'! When two people is dead nuts on each other, what's the good of askin'? If you're wise, go get the minister, that's what. An', just between me an' you, I guess Gert ain't dippy about me, anyhow. Oh, no, she is not—I do not think! The Duke? Forget it, Beau. Mushy mush! He never was one-two-eleven, even in his pammy days."

"The customary thing to do when you ask a lady's hand in marriage," I went on, "is to ——"

"Don't make me laugh, Beau. Me lip's cracked! Ask a lady's hand in marriage! I know! Down on the floor in your fresh-honed pants an' wear all the crease out while you ask ownliest-own if she won't be ipsey-dipsey's dopsey-wopsey. If I ever tried that on Gert she'd gimme the ha, ha, an' I don't blame her."

"Well, that's the approved way," I insisted. "Of course, there are innumerable variations. For instance, a moonlight night and ——"

"Well, I'm here to tell you, Beau, I'm goin' to walk up to Gert one o' these days, grab her by the left lunch-hook, an' yank her down a back street until I see a D. D. sign, an' that's where I'm goin'. There won't be no witness but the cook."

"I imagine she may have something to say about that."

"Not a peep. She won't know till it's all over. I'm goin' to do the whole thing in one swell foop, then put on three extra pairs o' pants an' go tell Paw. Can you see Jim Reed takin' one flyin' jump at me? 'Wow-wow!' said the fox."

"By the way, does Reed understand the situation?" I inquired.

Batty stared at me blankly for a moment, then went over and spoke to the stable-boy again.

"She got a chance to-day?"

"Nope."

"What's she startin' for?"

"Run some o' the beef off. She'll be good in another week or two."

"Well, don't forget your Uncle Fuller," Batty requested. He passed a fat, black cigar to the boy and returned to me. "I dunno what Jim Reed knows," he explained, "an' I ain't sittin' up nights worryin' about what he does know. I reckon, though, it ain't much, because he's been out in Chicago for a couple o' spells, an' naturally I ain't wrote him no billy-doos: I guess Gert ain't neither."

"Have you discussed the matter with her?"

"Discussed nothin'. Beau, I told you I ain't goin' to discuss it—I'm just goin' to take her."

"When?"

Batty grinned cheerfully.

"Search me!" he replied. "I've got to screw me nerve up to it first."

We left the paddock and went along toward the grandstand. In the distance I saw Miss Reed in her accustomed place in the box. She was looking in the opposite direction, but turned as we entered.

"Oh, I was wonderin' where you was," she remarked.

"You was late," Batty explained, "so I been down the line makin' love to Lizzie Anne."

"Who's she?" demanded Miss Reed coldly.

"See the peacharino there in the fourth box—the one with the lace lid?"

"I see her." Miss Reed sniffed.

"Well, that ain't her," Batty grinned. He turned to me with a wink. "I tell you, Beau, this fatal curse o' beauty'll get me in trouble yet. I'll bet in another year Gert'll have my head lookin' like a billiard-ball soaked in anti-hairine."

"Are you kiddin' me?" demanded the girl.

"Oh, fifflest!" laughed Batty.

"My, but you're fresh!"

"—said Lady Gwendolyn Maltravers to the Mar-kiss," Batty added.

"That ain't funny."

"—returned the Mar-kiss with a haughty stare."

Miss Reed turned to me.

"Ain't he the limit?" she demanded.

"—replied Lady Gwendolyn Maltravers with a snort. Oh, me gran'mother, Gert! Forget it! Me an' Beau have been lookin' for information. I want to pick up just about enough to-day to put a diamond-studded piano in that front room."

"What front room?" asked Miss Reed.

"Oh, you'll know all right, all right," Batty responded.

There was a sudden softening of the tone which brought a quick flush to the girl's face. For one instant there was eager expectancy, then pleased embarrassment. She turned and stared away across the race track.

"Did you find out anything?" she asked at last.

"Nope. Nothin' diddin' yet."

Again there was a pause.

"Father said somethin' about Haskell havin' a good chance to ——" she began.

"*Said* somethin' about it?" interrupted Batty quickly.

"He's back from Chicago," the girl went on without turning. "Came this mornin'. He said Haskell ought to be good."

Batty stared thoughtfully at the back of her head.

"That what made you late gettin' down?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, in a queer little voice. "Father's awful angry, an' he wants to see you this afternoon. Now, Batty, don't—don't——" She stopped.

"Wants to see me!" Batty repeated thoughtfully. He was silent for a long time. "Let's go get a smoke, Beau," he suggested suddenly, and we turned away.

"Batty, please don't ——" the girl began. Again there was on her face that strange, wistful expression.

Batty turned suddenly and clasped both her hands in his, then we went down into the betting-ring.

"Well, Beau," he remarked at last, "the worst has came. First thing you know there'll be enough o' Jim Reed's pink whiskers scattered around here to make a hair mattress!"

II

WHEN Stanley met Livingstone in the heart of an African jungle their greeting was classic in its simplicity. So Jim Reed met Batty Logan down in the betting-ring. Just what Batty expected, as an immediate

"I was Just Telling Miss Reed a Queer Little Story"

consequence of that meeting, I could only conjecture from a clenched right hand, and a shifty forward poise on the balls of his feet. I had expected pyrotechnics, fireworks with a balloon ascension after the grand concert, but Reed offered a velvet glove.

"How are you, Logan?" he inquired cordially.

"Just able to set up an' have me bed made," Batty replied tersely. "But I'm expectin' to grow worse any minute."

He straightened up with a sheepish grin and favored me with a quick, comprehensive glance over his shoulder.

"Are the bookies treating you well?" Reed went on.

"Oh, I'm managin' to subtract a livin' at the point o' a crowbar," Batty rejoined. "It's just a shade better'n second-story work, but I ain't got no private yat yet."

Reed laughed and offered cigars. Batty accepted one, examined it doubtfully, then chucked it into his mouth.

"I'd like a little private conversation with you," Reed suggested.

Again Batty glanced at me. There was a grim yet quizzical expression on his sunburned face.

"Me office hours are all the time," he said. "Always in."

"I'll see you after a while, Batty," I remarked, and started to withdraw.

"Oh, come along," interposed Reed pleasantly. "We can find a table somewhere in the café, and, I think, I'd rather prefer that you be present."

I acquiesced, and so it came to pass that I was present at the interview between two gentlemen who hated each other as cordially as two gentlemen ever have hated each other—the one a knave, a trickster, an eminent figure in the under-world of racing; the other a clean-hearted, verbose, irrepressible optimist.

The waiter came, and went and came again. Batty thoughtfully hefted in his right hand the bottle of beer he had called for. I didn't know if Reed understood, but I did. That bottle might become a weapon of warfare.

"Logan, do you think you gave Chatterton a square deal?" Reed asked at last, quietly.

"Chatterton?" Batty repeated. "Oh, you mean the Duke? Sure I gave him a square deal, an' then some."

"You told my daughter he was married?" Reed continued.

"Guilty," Batty grinned reminiscently.

"But he isn't married."

"I can prove an alibi," Batty replied. "I ain't no scatchen nor matrimonial bureau, nor nothin'. An' anyway, he said he was married—pleaded guilty right there while Gert was lookin'."

Reed seemed a little surprised, and gave me an inquiring glance. I nodded assent to the statement.

"Why did he say he was married?" he asked curiously. "What caused him to say such a thing?"

"Ain't you wise?" Batty asked in turn.

"I don't know why he should make such a statement."

"Well, I'll never tell you, an' Gert don't know, so, if the Duke don't loosen up on it, there's nothin' diddin'."

Reed sat silently staring at us for a moment. I knew, and he knew that I knew, but he asked nothing, and I volunteered nothing. At last he lifted his glass.

"How!" he said.

"All the hair off your head," Batty responded cheerfully.

Reed replaced his glass on the table with the utmost deliberation. There was an expression on his face that I had never seen there before—something of consideration, even of tenderness.

"Logan, you're a kid," he remarked finally. "You don't understand—you can't understand—the responsibilities of a father. Now, look here a minute," and his tone hardened. "Don't get excited, and don't try to be funny. Here is a girl less than nineteen years old. Whatever you may have heard of me, whatever you may know of me, and whatever you may think of me, I'm her father. Whatever else I may do I've got to look out for her future.

"She barely remembers her mother, because she was a baby almost when she died, and that means that she has been in my care around the race-tracks of this country for fifteen years. You know that isn't the proper bringing up for a girl, yet what could I do? She is devoted to me, has always been, and she has been, perhaps, the sole restraining influence in my life. I simply couldn't make up my mind to tuck her away in a school somewhere. This is not an apology for anything I have done. I'm merely trying to make you understand. You know what the race-track is."

"Yep," said Batty gravely. "I know it."

"Well, as a child the things which mean so much to her now meant nothing," Reed continued. "Certain acts of mine have been called into question, but they meant nothing to her then. They do now. She's not a child any more; she's a woman. I never realized that until about the time you met her. Now, I want to get her away from all this. If I don't, those things which meant nothing will begin to contaminate. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yep, I know," Batty replied.

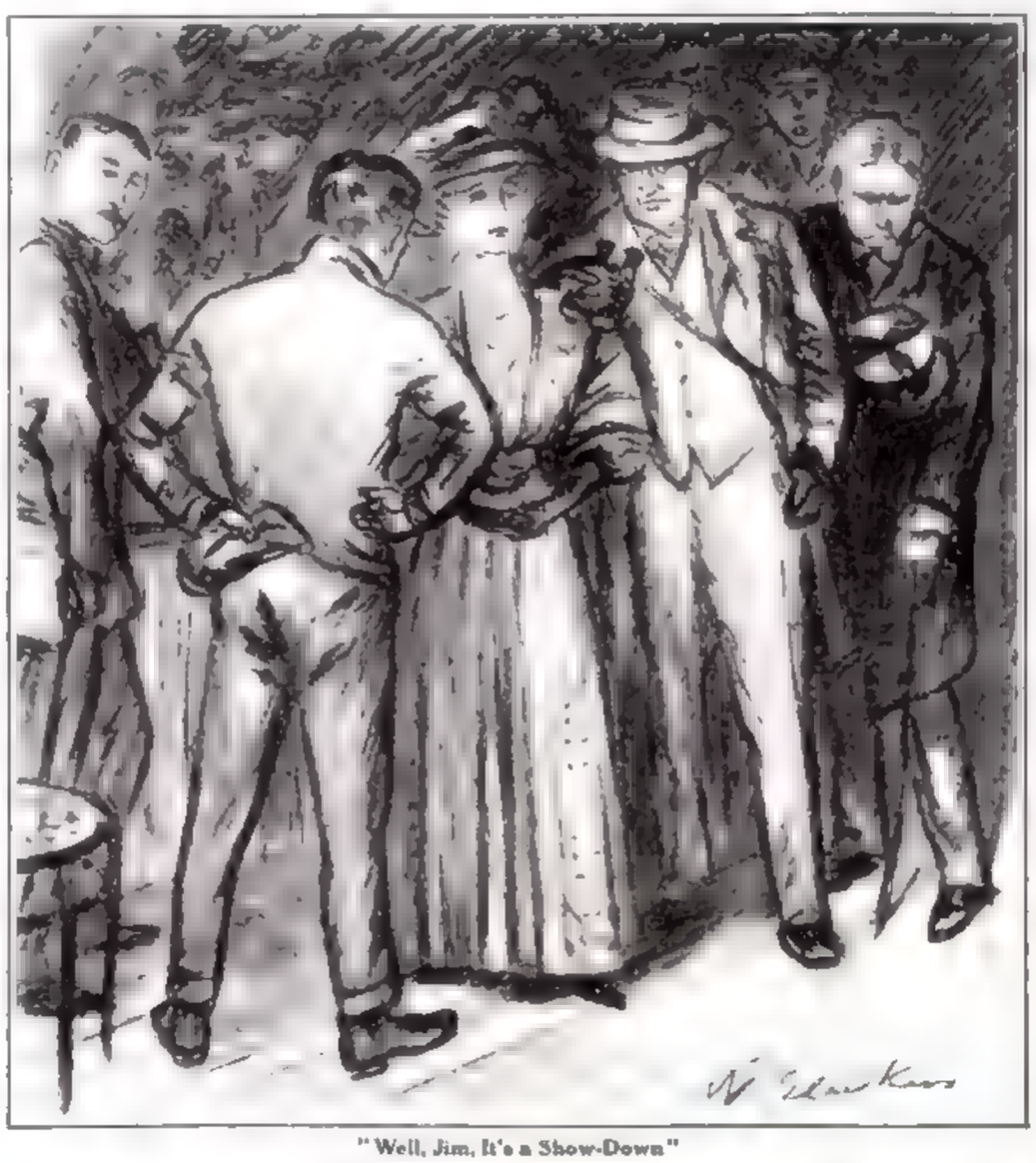
Here was an unexpected streak of decency in Jim Reed. It was little short of amazing to me, and apparently it had the same effect on Batty, too. Reed went on:

"Now, Logan, you were a good jockey, you are a good horseman. You know your business. But you belong here on the race-track; you're a part of it. It's your bread and butter, it's your business and pleasure, as it is mine. So you're not the man for my son-in-law. Now, wait a minute. She's got to get away from it all, and that means that she has got to get away from you."

"Why didn't you keep her away in the first place?" Batty demanded abruptly, fiercely.

"That's my business. If I haven't made you see, I never will."

There was a steely glitter in Reed's eyes as he leaned forward on his elbows across the table and gazed straight at Batty. Batty returned the stare unflinchingly.



"Well, Jim, It's a Show-Down"

"I met Chatterton casually," Reed explained. "He's the sort of a man I imagine a woman would like, and he doesn't belong here—he's on a different level. He is in a business where there is a future, where there is promotion, and where quality counts. In time, he may be a big man. I introduced him to my daughter for those reasons, and for the additional reason that I knew him to be honest and straightforward and decent."

"*Yes*, he is—not!" Batty blurted.

"I expected you to say that," Reed resumed coolly. "Of course, it means nothing. Now, Chatterton seems to like my daughter and she seemed to like him, yet, for some reason, of late he has kept away from her. Now, I'll tell you frankly that I'm going to explain the whole matter to her—as yet she knows nothing of it—and when she comes here again *I* will be her escort, or Chatterton will be. In other words," he added quite pleasantly, "you pass out."

Batty's face was white. He brought the bottle down on the table so violently that it crumbled up under his hand and blood started from his fingers.

"The Duke won't come to the race-track," he declared flatly.

"Why?" Reed inquired.

"Now, look here, Jim Reed, let's understan' each other once for all," Batty went on, suddenly calm. "I'm here to tell you that the Duke won't come to the race-track any more for the same reason, if I open my face, *you* won't come any more. I know you, and I ain't stuck on you for a father-in-law for a minute, but you wouldn't steal a man's watch, even if you *do* stan' for fake horses in races. Now *you* wait a minute! If it hadn't 'a' been for Gert, I'd 'a' give you the hook a long time ago. But don't make any mistake, Jim. The Duke don't belong. He's barred in the bettin' over the fence—three strikes an' out—he foozled his approach—he's in the nine hole."

Unconsciously I tilted my chair back to arise. Reed's face changed color, but he remained seated, and there was something of wonder in the blue eyes.

"There ain't no secrets here," Batty went on. "I'm talkin' about that Don Pedro thing. Now, I don't want to be nasty, Jim, but I sure will kick up an odor aroun' here if I have to."

"What about the Don Pedro thing?" Reed asked insolently.

"I'm ashamed to tell you," Batty retorted aggressively. "I'll write the whole history for you in ten volumes—I do not think."

Reed glared at him for an instant, then arose. We were all on our feet now.

"But you *didn't* give Chatterton a square deal," he repeated.

"Leave it to the girl whether he's in the runnin'," Batty suggested defiantly. "Let *her* say who is the real imported fromage."

"I *will* leave it to her," Reed responded calmly. "But I'll tell her you lied when you told her Chatterton was married."

Batty's hands caressed a seltzer-siphon tentatively. I caught hold of his arm and he glanced around at me suddenly with a grin.

"You're on, Jim," he declared. "Tell her that I lied, an' I'll tell her why. You're on!"

There was an embarrassed pause. Finally, Reed spoke.

"There's no need of you and I having our knives out, Logan," he said carelessly. He turned as if to go. "By the way, you want to get on Haskell in the fifth race. He'll win."

"Aw! ——" flamed Batty.

III

"BEAU, here's me cue to go crawl in a hole an' pull the hole in after me," Batty complained. "I'm a mental cripple! An intellechooal void! A thimbleful o' vacuum! Nothin', surrounded by a hole! Are you wise to what I have did, Beau?"

I waited patiently for details.

"Here I made that yelp to Jim Reed about lettin' him tell Gert I lied, an' I was to tell her why. Why, Beau, I can't. Don't you remember that I'm under a double copper-riveted promise not to loosen to Gert or to nobody else about the Duke, an' that shortage o' his'n that I helped make good? If he's on the level with me, I just got to be on the level with him, an', meanwhile, Jim Reed'll sure fix my clock with Gert. What am I goin' to do about it?"

I was somewhat interested in the problem myself. I remembered Batty's promise to Chatterton perfectly; I remembered it while he was talking to Reed, and didn't see any way out of it, unless he violated his promise. Batty never breaks promises. I shook my head.

"Honest, Beau, it's enough to make me want to go down an' give the Duke a sassy slap on the ker-nuckles, or a swift kick in the ker-neck," he went on hopelessly. "Of course, the Duke ain't comin' down here without a written permit from me, but Gert certainly is goin' to break up all the furniture when Paw convinces her that the Duke ain't got no little Dukess at home. Oh, Lizzie Ann! I ain't got no more chancet, Beau, than a snowball in Santiago. Say somethin'! How about it?"

"It certainly is rather a delicate matter to ——" I began.

"He's a snake, Beau—Jim Reed, I mean: the real original serpent that hung on by his tail to the apple tree in the Garden o' Eden and offered the first pippin, 'cept Jim offered a lemon. I certainly should like to meet him in a back alley when I didn't have nothin' but a couple o' yards o' lead pipe. Oh, me! Oh, my! Oh, mamma! I'll bet I'd hit him so hard he'd splatter. They'd have to rub him off'n the sidewalk with an eraser."

A thoughtful silence fell upon us. We were down at the far end of the grandstand inclosure, where the fence cuts off the field-stand. I had drawn Batty in that direction to give us a chance to consider the situation.

"What can you do?" I asked at last.

"Search me!" replied Batty.

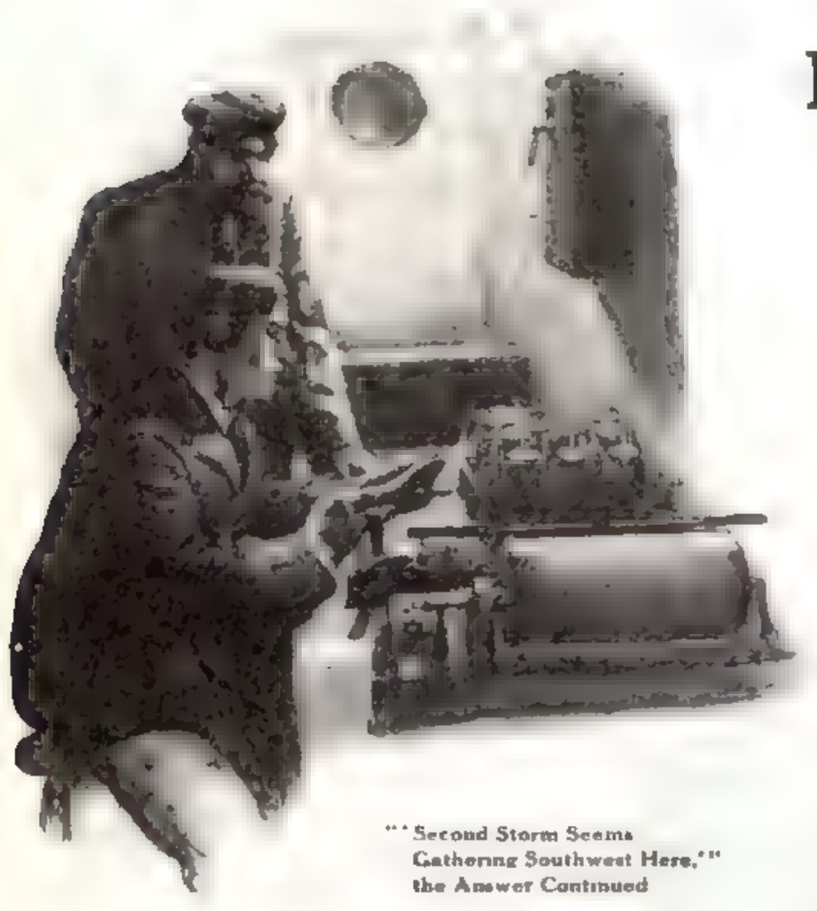
"Break your promise?"

(Continued on Page 28)

FROM THE REEF

What the Wireless Told

By EDWIN BALMER



"'Second Storm Seems Gathering Southwest Here,'" the Answer Continued

SCHJETMAN Reef, E. D. Existence doubtful!" the Marconi operator translated his chart to himself. "Shoals, reported in 1905, but also E. D. Reefs, reported 1893, existence doubtful; no, P. D.," he corrected himself. "Position doubtful. More reefs, reported . . ."

With the spray of the mid-Pacific night hurricane splashing the glass of even his "wireless" cabin set far up on the highest deck beneath the Mongolian's bridge, the operator strained his eyes anxiously into the bursting blackness ahead. His shoulders drew up tensely.

In spurts and short dashes—as a company under fire crouches and crawls while the opposing batteries beat bitterest upon it and then springs forward in the lulls while the batteries must rest or reload—the great Mongolian, bound from San Francisco to the Philippines, was making its hard advance. As the hurricane beat it, Harling could feel it almost consciously pause and crouch; then, as the storm fell away, it gathered itself and charged forward once more.

The young man caught the handrail at his side and patted it impulsively as the ship, bearing into the very heart of the storm, bruised and battered steadily on again in its course.

"Good old Mongolian!" he muttered approvingly. Then, recollecting his preoccupation, he reseated himself at his instrument, reclamped his receivers to his ears and, as he sat again at his "watch" with patiently straining ears, he drew his chart to him once more.

It was of that great empty expanse of the Pacific which lies between a thousand and two thousand miles west of our Hawaiian Islands and double that distance east of the Philippines.

Within those thousands of miles there are, of course, many known and position-determined seamarks. For instance, only seven hundred miles or so to the east and south of the position which Harling had marked as the Mongolian's upon the chart, there is a chain of peaks of marine mountains where the rocks have reached almost or quite to the surface of the sea. Where the peaks have themselves topped the tide levels they are islands, of course; but, even where the mountain summits have not been able quite to reach the surface, but are so close below it that they might have been dangerous to ships, most of those submerged summits in that part of the Pacific have managed to become islands, anyway. For in those warm waters, millenniums ago, coral attached itself to the sunken peaks and builded them up till they had caught floating vegetation and decay, till land was formed and a few savage inhabitants came so that they were finally discovered, claimed and put upon the map.

These—the little circular islands with their rings of palm trees, the atolls of our geography days, the craters of the extinct submarine volcanoes which the coral has built up and raised to the surface are the Ratak chain of the tiny Marshall Archipelago which the Germans claim. And a little farther, almost directly to the south of these, is another chain formed where the subsea mountains have touched the surface, and again—where the peaks almost reached, but not quite the coral finished them so that they could be securely placed upon the chart and be named and claimed by the British as the Gilbert Islands.

But in the great basin north and east of the Gilberts and Marshalls and south and west of the Hawaiians, though mighty water-buried Mount McKinleys, Everests and Matterhorns reach up out from the great ocean sinks almost even to the wash of the sea, nowhere in that ever-stretching water desert has the coral yet come to build upon their peaks to raise them up and make them islands, known and determined. If you look at the chart you will see them recorded only as Harling read them, "Reefs, reported 18 — or 19 —" and, after most of them, "E. D." or "P. D."

"Existence doubtful; position doubtful! Why?"

Harling's hands clenched appreciatively as he felt the storm grasp up the great Mongolian for an instant, squeeze it and then fling it down contemptuously again. "Because 'dead men tell no tales,'" he quoted grimly. "So these," he touched his chart, "are only the reefs which those who found them have escaped. But what of the uncharted reefs——" He paused again in the awe of the storm. "The unreported reefs, from whose bourn no traveler returns."

His hands had clenched again and his muscles tightened spontaneously. At the subconscious alarm, instinctively he had raised himself in his seat and strained his eyes out into the blue and yellow lightning-rent pall ahead. Still faint and imperceptible almost, but distinct enough now to call consciously to the operator, the tapper within the receptor before him quivered and trembled. A quiver again, and then once more the trembling tap sounded from the resonator.

Now, stronger and more audible, as the Mongolian bruised its way farther within the range of the other's communication, the tapper rattled again. A long, trembling tap; a quick, nervous rap; a tremble again; then, the rap and again the quiver

Harling, with his chart swept aside, waited, alert, cool, collected. His hand, which had shot forward impulsively to his key, sustained the steady fingers over it patiently Discipline of habit was so strong that, when it had again taken command, it had mastered automatically the impulse which had first come to him, hearing the call, come trembling to him through the storm. Again the tapper rattled, and, in the same trembling panic, the call clattered out once more.

"The call in the Continental code!" Harling muttered "And—lightning doesn't throw off the messages that way That's—lost nerve!"

The terrible suspense and exaltation of one who holds his yellow envelope unopened came to Harling, magnified a thousandfold. For somewhere in that black, broken, hurricane-hurled wash of the ocean before him, somewhere within a circle of the probable hundred miles limiting "wireless" communication that night, somewhere ahead or to starboard or to port or in any of the circle of leagues between, a ship was trembling out its chattering call through the storm and the man who was sending was in fear.

Harling lifted his head.

"There's no one answering," he exulted. "I guess it's ours!"

He pressed his key down firmly and with a hiss and crash, which deafened for its instant even the lightning without, the great blue twelve-inch spark leaped across the spark gap; and from the humming ninety-foot aërials overhead, the answering electric waves spread steadily back against the storm. With quick, rattling volleys of discharges from the high-power current, "Mongolian!" he signaled. "Position about 176 W., 14.45 N. Westbound

"Ra-attle, rap, ra-a-attle, rap, ra-attle," the "call" was still trembling in the Mongolian's resonators. The lip of the operator curled.

"Why doesn't he stop sending, to receive?" he demanded, angry in his impatience now.

"Mongolian. 176 W., 14.45 N. Westbound!" the eruption from Harling's coils roared again. "What do you want?"

"'Mongolian!'" he found himself writing his transcription as the receptor clattered. "'Mongolian!'" the man was repeating senselessly in his fearful panic of joy. "'Yacht Irvessa going to pieces on reef. Help us! Must have aid at once. Help us! Help us!'" the sounder kept clattering feverishly. "'Come to us. We cannot last.'"

Harling pressed his lips tight in his disgust. With the quickness and certainty of his letters of the trained operator, but, with the trembling clatter of the craven

spelling them, the message chattered on. The young operator's tense muscles snapped down upon his key.

"Ash-cra-ash!" his coils roared their imperative interruption. "Ash-ash-ash-ash-ash!" they exploded rapidly. "Cra-ash!"

"What reef?" they roared steadyingly to the other "What is your position?'

"'. . . Help us for . . .'" Harling snapped his lead over the words the tapper kept making him write. He sprang upon his key again.

"Cras-as-ash!" his spark erupted its vain interruption again. "Where are you?" it demanded

He stopped again to listen. But not for a second in the panic of his sending had the other man held his current to receive.

What is your position? What reef are you upon?" Harling volleyed back madly in his impotency. "Irvessa!" he tried to command after another second's wait. "Send your position at once!"

"'. . . two hours ago—have thirty on board. . . .'"

"The fool!" Harling cried helplessly into the storm.

"'Call—call—call—call—call,'" he read the dots and dashes on his tape contemptuously from the beginning. "'Mongolian—Mongolian. Yacht Irvessa going to pieces on reef. Help us! Must have aid at once. Come to us! We cannot last. . . .'"

There was the break where Harling himself had been sending, but "'. . . Help us,'" the whine was repeated again—"'are going to pieces—are going to pieces . . . cannot last half-hour; have been breaking up two hours for . . . thirty aboard. I am Pickney, owner—E. H. Pickn . . .'"

Yet again, as Harling swore softly to himself, the roar of the Mongolian's great spark silenced the resonator, and yet again, as the last discharge which crashed its demand across the space hissed down, the receptor unheeding continued its clattering jerks. "'. . . will reward . . .'" it chattered on in its heedless fright; "'. . . only come. . . .'"

Harling grabbed up the bridge communicator.

"Captain? Harling!" he reported quickly. "I have picked up Yacht Irvessa by 'wireless,' sir! She reports she is going to pieces on a reef. . . . I didn't know, sir. . . . I don't know. . . . No, sir. . . . No, I can't even get them to listen. . . . Yes, sir. Thank you!"

Black sheets of rain flooded the glass ahead and the chattering of the resonator had ceased as the captain slid back the door. The spark behind was already volleying rapidly again.

"It's a bender of a night," the captain nodded to the other's look as, shiny and dripping, he stood over the operator and glanced through the transcription of the messages. He nodded his understanding again as he put them down. "What are you sending now?"

"He seemed to have run out of 'save us-es,' so, on the chance he may be listening, I'm trying again to ask him where he thinks he is, sir. Ah! Here it comes."

"It says?"

"'I don't know. I don't know,'" Harling read it slowly. "'We were bound for San Francisco,'" the panicky chattering of the sounder was running on more rapidly now, "'from Manila. Have been driven before this storm two days till struck this reef. No land within thousand miles. Come to us! We are breaking up. We . . .'"

The captain nodded his fuller comprehension as he turned from the operator, and Harling swore unrebuked.

"The Schjetman reef is the only charted reef within three hundred miles of our reckoning," the captain said, "and that is almost two hundred miles to west Could you send that far to-night?" he asked the operator.

"I don't think even we could," Harling said, "and a yacht . . ."

"What are you asking?" the captain asked, as the other broke off and the spark roared out again.

"For his radius of communication. Here it comes, sir: 'Seventy miles, I think.'"

"A yacht under these conditions?" the captain asked the other's opinion. "Even if he could make seventy, that precludes the Schjetman—if it's in the place the charts show it. What are you asking?"

"His aërials. How long his wires are! Here it comes:

"'Thirty feet.'" Harling read. "Seventy miles!" he exclaimed. "The——" Harling checked himself. "We must have been within forty miles to get him at all to-night, sir," he said. "If we are going toward him, we might now be within thirty-five. But, of course, he may be anywhere within a circle of the forty miles. What, sir?"

"Some unreported reef, then, I said," the captain muttered. "Where? You have said it yourself," he jerked his head to the blackness without. "Anywhere within a reach of forty miles ahead or either side. And this night we could scarcely see, even a searchlight, five miles! Unless you can—what's that?"

"'Save us!'" Harling read in answer. "'We're breaking up! We're breaking up. Save us! Sa . . .'"

The chattering was checked in the midst of a letter The older man watched unmoved as the younger sprang upon his key. With far-off rending and ruption of the sky, the seas and heavens vibrated and shook. Feeble, powerless and unheeded, the Mongolian's little blue spark hissed into the storm.

"Irvessa!" it cried. "Irvessa! Pickney! Irvessa!"

The captain put his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder as he looked up. A moment before, in his intolerant, impatient impulse, he had been swearing at the man who had now ceased to call. But his eyes now filled with tears which he let his commander see, unashamed. Again he called and again. No answer came.

"You've done all you could, boy; they're gone," the captain said with what, to youth, seems the callous acceptance and easy resignation of the old.

Yet he waited while the boy turned rebelliously again to his key. Again he signaled and again; but the taps which had brought him the chattering cries of him going to death upon his little yacht sounded no more. The one who had called to the boy had been one whom, through every rap and tremble of his messages, the boy had despised; yet he had called to this boy for help, and now he was gone—unaided. Harling raised his head.

"They're gone, sir."

The captain gathered up the operator's transcription silently.

"I want these for the log," he said. "They are complete? The Yacht Irvessa, and the man who was sending said he was Pickney, owner?"

"The Irvessa," Harling checked it off from the tape of his automatic register. "Yes, sir. The man who was sending said he was E. H. Pickney, owner, and there were thirty on board. It is all there, sir."

"Very good. The Irvessa—yacht," the captain reviewed them absently. "Pickney—yes, E. H. Pickney, owner." He nodded to the operator. "Thank you."

"Why, sir?" the boy started impulsively as he watched him. "Have you ever, sir—do you happen to know anything of it, sir?"

"The Irvessa?" the captain was rather repeating it to himself. "Yes," he decided finally. "It's in my cabin, I think," he went on quickly as he moved away. "I'll have it sent you. The first page or somewhere in the Sunday section," he ran on enigmatically. "I shall be on the bridge. If—if any other ship calls, report to me at once!"

"'We Probably Shall Not Last it, but Both Boats Should'"

Harling settled the receivers over his ears in acknowledgment. He was straining silently over the resonators when the Japanese boy laid before him the San Francisco paper of their day of sailing.

"The Irvessa," the first large type read which met his eye. It was under the picture of a yacht, and about the yacht were three portraits, "Miss Frances Durant," "Etherington H. Pickney" and "Lieutenant Sammers." His eyes raced over the accompanying column quickly. The story was told in the picturesque colors of a Sunday newspaper "write-up."

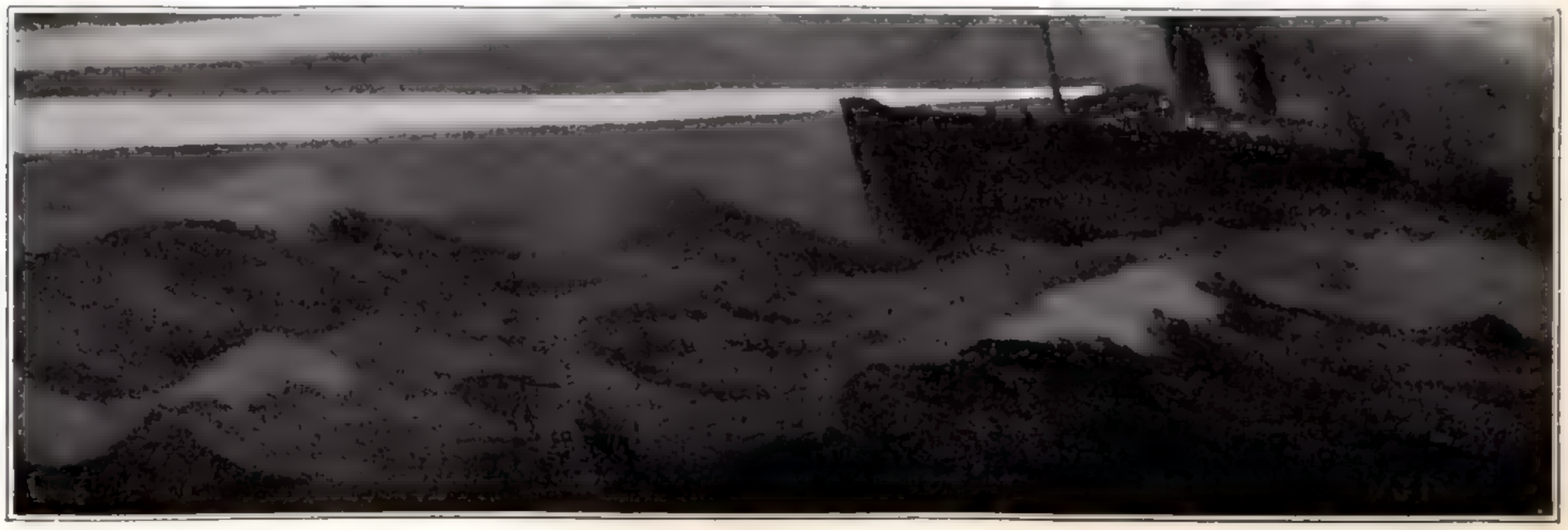
The men had been boy friends and then rivals. The poor man—the lieutenant—had won. The loser—the rich man—under the agreement, was to be groomsman for his friend.

The lieutenant was then sent to the Philippines for three years. The girl and the other man remained in the same city. When the three years were almost up, the friend had offered to come for the lieutenant in his yacht. He had suggested that the girl and her mother surprise the groom by accompanying him on the yacht to bring him home. Sammers met them at Manila, and then——The Sunday paper gave the girl full credit for not herself breaking off the engagement. It was certain she did not. But the lieutenant saw how matters stood.

His friend, who was able to give comfort and luxury in the three years, had "friendlily," insidiously, but surely, been schooling and accustoming the girl to his manner of comforts and luxuries till they had become practically necessities for her. Sammers had seen the hopelessness of the situation for him—a lieutenant on the army pay. He blamed no one—not even the army. He merely released the girl; and, as Pickney was to have stood groomsman for him, now he would stand for Pickney. He would even come back with them upon the yacht for the wedding in America.

The paper further described the yacht, the oil-fed engines and motor-dynamos, the "wireless," which Pickney

(Continued on Page 41)



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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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The Boy at College

TO BRING up strangers' children correctly is a simple matter. We are reminded of it by seeing the following little problem in domestic economy, which, with some variation in the figures, is receiving the earnest consideration of many American households at this time:

Family income for ensuing year. .	$1800
Johnny, at college.	600
Father, mother, Susie and Willie, at home, per capita	300
Surplus for rainy day	?

Never having seen Johnny we can solve the problem offhand, thus:

"Unless for technical training do not send him to college. Four years of an academic course will add nothing to his earning capacity. When it comes to getting a job he will still have to begin at the bottom. Probably he will have acquired more expensive habits, so that he cannot live on the ten dollars a week that would answer for a youngster just out of the high school. Habituation to pleasant hours on the campus and in the fraternity house will make the office grind and the hall bedroom all the harder for him. Put him to work at once."

But exactly the same mathematical terms applied to Bobby, next door, produce quite another answer. He is such a lusty, likable, sociable youngster. It is so obvious that he would get immense fun out of the free contact with a couple of thousand of his like. Shall he be perched on a high stool, set sadly to moiling over figures, made to keep office hours? Shall he sit very soberly out of sight when Banker Jones' son starts for college?

Well, no. The answer for Bobby is different. He will earn no more for having gone to college; but you, who know what the grind of work is, will foolishly keep him from it a little longer. Excepting among the rich, a college education is mostly a parental indulgence. This fall's enrolment represents a great sum of fond scrimping that will bring no return in dollars and cents. But we would not have it less.

The simple old philosophy which spared not the rod, but met the youth at the threshold of life with a thick boot, preferably copper-tipped, probably produced great results —among them the slave trade and death penalty for picking pockets. The society which, on principle, brought up its young with a club was equally brutal in other respects.

The Graves Society Digs

THE success of the Socialist candidate for Parliament in the by-election at Colne Valley moves one excellent old gentleman to warn his countrymen that they will live to see the guillotine set up in Trafalgar Square. But more cheerful minds will argue that the event which he deplores makes the possibility of a guillotine even more remote than it was before.

"Capitalism," said Marx, "digs its own grave."

Experience shows that the prophecy was, in some measure, true. Big capitalists have sometimes destroyed small ones and detached their support. The admitted excesses of capitalism have provoked restrictive measures, in which the over-anxious see a socialistic spirit. In whatever way the institution is less free the bonds were provided by itself.

One may imagine Socialism, also, digging its own grave. Where it has been a tangible force in government, as in Germany and France, whatever objects may be attributed to its influence—such as cheap and safe industrial insurance, factory regulations to prevent accidents, better housing, checks upon child-labor—have, generally speaking, lightened the pressure upon the poor.

One may imagine a state so in fear of Socialism and consequently so careful of the unpropertied that capital would dare do no wrong, and a Socialist would have nothing left to talk about except purely speculative theories—instead of such more biting topics as "lung-block" tenements, child-labor, thirty-five-per-cent. industrial insurance, hundred-per-cent. loan sharks, the injustice imposed upon labor by uncompensated killing and maiming in industrial processes, mine-owned legislatures.

Society is always digging some grave. When French peasants were paying half to four-fifths their total income in taxes to feed royal waste, the Bourbon régime might have dug the grave of the Revolution. It kept up the pressure and dug its own. As a Socialist argument the Standard Oil Company loses force because of the fine imposed by Judge Landis.

Grandfather Clauses

AT A TIME when Georgia's new law disfranchising colored citizens is provoking renewed discussion of this troublesome subject it is a trifle disconcerting to discover a full-fledged disfranchisement propaganda in the State of Lovejoy and Lincoln. Yet there it is, and one candidate for governor is making his canvass upon it.

To down-State people the rapid growth of Chicago prefigures complete domination of the State legislature by representatives from that city in the not distant future. Chicago, as every one knows, contains an immense "foreign" population. Much more than half her people are of other than Anglo-Saxon blood. They vote, of course, only as they are legally citizens of the Republic; yet there is more or less agitation, down-State, over the spectre of "foreign" domination.

The difficulty might be met by a "grandfather" or, at least, a great-grandfather clause in the election laws, but that would obviously be embarrassing to statesmen of the dominant party who wish to be free to criticise grandfather clauses in the South. It is proposed to avoid this difficulty by providing that, no matter how many people may reside in Chicago, they shall be entitled to elect only a fixed and minor proportion of the legislature.

Thus, there would be no domination by people of strange blood, but simply that domination of such people which so many firm friends of political equality deem absolutely essential in order to develop the full virtues of the system. As we guarantee them perfect political equality, why should the "foreigners" wish to vote, anyhow?

The Telegraph Business

WE HOPE the Government will investigate the telegraph business. It is an obscure subject, upon which light is needed. John Wanamaker, when Postmaster-General, looked into it a little, and thought the early investors in Western Union must have been getting about three hundred per cent. a year. The North Carolina Railroad Commission made such examination as its limited powers permitted, and opined that about ninety millions of the stock was water—having been issued as extra dividends and so on. At any rate, every one knows the business has been enormously profitable.

Why have people paid certain individuals such great profits when, as universal European experience shows, they could run the telegraphing business themselves, by the agency of their Government, at much less cost? The answer is, of course, that the individuals conduct the business more efficiently.

That answer is approved by long use; yet it must have sounded rather odd to persons who wished to telegraph about the middle of August and found that the three-hundred-per-cent. individuals were not conducting the business at all. That a labor question happened to be involved is not to the point. Labor is the prime factor of the industry. Eliminate efficient handling of labor, and any child could run a telegraph business.

Having to choose between serving the public efficiently at a somewhat higher ratio of operating expense and serving it with the last degree of demoralized inefficiency, the companies cheerfully chose the latter alternative—which seems quite paradoxical in persons whose only justification for the tolls they charge is the alleged efficiency of their service. A puzzling subject, surely!

We seem to see a large rectangular object of yellow hue. If it is really gold, surely the Government's acid test cannot harm it.

Hieroglyphics of Law

CHICAGO is considerably stirred up over the new charter, which is soon to be submitted to popular vote. Two troublesome points are: whether, if this organic law is adopted, it will become the duty of policemen to arrest all members of labor unions and incarcerate them for long terms on bread and water, and whether the council will have power to confiscate all downtown real estate. Some minor questions are hotly debated, such as whether citizens of malty habit will have to confine themselves to an unslaked diet of salt codfish on the first day of the week, and whether the gas company must pay the city a percentage of its gross receipts, or the city must pay the gas company a percentage.

The best legal minds opine that none of the extreme miseries which critics of the charter imagine can possibly happen, and that the new act, in fact, will very slightly modify, if at all, the basic conditions of life for the individual citizen.

Yet this does not prevent the critics from citing section and paragraph in support of their lugubrious views; and, admittedly, the legal minds are stating opinions merely—which may or may not prove well founded. Nobody, we believe, ventures to assert positively that the charter means exactly so and so and will have precisely such and such effects when interpreted by the courts.

Over in Michigan the people are making the third attempt to amend their constitution. The general feeling, we hear, is that the amendments should be as few as possible, because the present constitution, adopted fifty-seven years ago, has been so far interpreted by the courts that skillful lawyers know pretty well what its main provisions mean, and with an entirely new constitution there would be a new interpretative period, say of about twenty years, during which time the State, despite its best efforts, would be mostly at sea as to the real meaning and effect of its organic law.

Newspaper reporters are able to express intentions in unmistakably clear words; but they are not employed to frame laws.

Fickle is Thy Favor, O Fame.

DID you notice how much more prominent all prominent citizens became about the middle of August? Persons who had never got beyond a one-column cut suddenly expanded to two columns, with a decorative border. The counterfeit presentment of a mere scientist was given as much space as a cartoon. Gentlemen of note, who for years had existed to the newspaper-reading world as simple busts, developed torsos, legs and arms. We never knew before how even so great a man as Mr. Cortelyou looked below the knees, nor, again, were we at all sure that Mr. Samuel Gompers was possessed of a back.

This was not because the press experienced a sudden access of anthropological zeal; but because news was scarce, and the camera offered the readiest expedient for filling space.

The person who is an important, scare-headed, second-page event of the day when there is nothing else doing can scarcely get into the death notices at the height of a Presidential election.

Says the managing editor: "Throw out that two-column cut of Doctor Uplift and condense his baccalaureate address from a column and a half to one stickful for the fifth advertising page. There's a big train wreck in Iowa, and we need the space."

A dull news season boosts many to the pedestal; a lively one blights many a patient climber.

A Speculator's Myth

IT IS only just that the speculator should suffer for a misconception from which he often profits. Yet we cannot see him shedding all these needless tears over the small investor without assuaging his grief by a simple statement of fact.

It has long been evident that certain sections of Wall Street held very loose, inaccurate notions of the small investor—conceiving him to be a poor, but honest, intelligent and thrifty clerk or mechanic who accumulated a little nest-egg by exercising the most exemplary economy, and then prudently plumped it on Wild Cat and Gold City Short Line preferred—presumably in a bucket-shop.

Railroad stocks have suffered a great decline as compared with the high point of this year; but not one of them pays a less return to the investor. Some pay more, dividends having been increased. First-class bonds are a few points lower; but, notwithstanding that, they pay the same interest.

It is the return upon his money that the small investor is thinking about. The decline in bonds, for example, is obviously beneficial to the savings-bank depositor, because it enables the banks to buy more bonds for the same money and so to earn a higher interest rate for depositors.

Yet, for all this, we are asked to sigh because the decline has somewhat lessened the market price of bonds held by the savings-banks, which they have no intention of selling in any event.

The speculator's small investor is a purely mythological creature. The real article is not weeping because he, or his savings-bank, can buy first-class bonds cheaper.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Music in the Air

REFERRING casually to music, there has been a surplus of the chin kind in the United States Senate for many years. Chin musicians are so common as to excite no remarks, save those they make themselves. Wherefore, when an opportunity for some other kind of music comes to hand, for we all love harmony, and get very little of it in these days of plot and counterplot —

The other kind of a musician who has seeped into the Senate is "Fiddling Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee. He makes no pretense of virtuosity, but he can play The Arkansaw Traveler and Turkey in the Straw; and right here is the proper place to insist that if he will play one or the other, or both, sometime, when certain of his fellow-Senators are moved to make a speech, he will confer a priceless boon on a talk-submerged Republic.

"Fiddling Bob" succeeds the brilliant Carmack, who went out last March in a welter of words that wrecked the ship subsidy bill. Just why a fiddler and story-teller should have been sent by Tennessee to replace Carmack is a question that Tennessee alone can answer, and Tennessee appears to be well satisfied with the job, with no explanatory answer to make.

A Governor in the Family

THE new Senator comes from a family that is versatile in politics, even for Tennessee, where the desire to hold office comes with the first tooth, and does not leave with the last one. The Taylor family went early into politics, and stayed there long. Such little technicalities as party lines never bothered them. They desired the emoluments. The father Taylor, Nathaniel by name, was in the House of Representatives at various times, each time as a representative of a different party or faction. He early learned the sound sense of that well-known maxim: "Sweet is the usufruct of versatility"; and when the boys grew up, Alf, who is "Fiddling Bob's" brother, was assigned to the Republican party and Bob was made a Democrat, while Jim was a general utility man. It was as complete an organization to catch them coming and going as the country affords.

Alf seemed to have the better of this for a time, because the Republican majority in the First Tennessee District comprises about all the votes cast. He went to Congress three times, but one year the Republicans had a row and "Fiddling Bob" was sent to the House as a Democrat. Alf's advantage was more apparent than real—which is a fine, old, crusted, statesmanlike phrase -for when the boys reached out for bigger things "Fiddling Bob" gathered the persimmons.

The Taylor family thought it would be well to have a Governor in the family. Following their invariable rule of procedure, they cinched things for the Taylor family. There was no chance to lose, for Bob took the Democratic nomination and Alf took the Republican nomination. Bob won. He was elected a second time and, after a rest, went in for the third time, while Alf has tried vainly for office ever since. You see, the Republicans in Tennessee are quite congested. There are a lot of them in the eastern part of the State, and they are so scarce in the rest of the territory that they really do not count, nor are they usually counted.

All was not honey and roses for Bob, however. He tried twice to get elected to the Senate. Then he retired from politics. When he turned the office of Governor over to Benton McMillan, he said: "Politics is a vulture that is feeding on my vitals. I am through. I am going back to the sun-kissed mountains of East Tennessee, where I can rest on my back in the fragrant grass and reach up and tickle the toes of the angels."

That was mere rhetoric. Bob didn't tickle the toes of a single angel. Instead, he went on the lecture platform, together with his fierce political opponent, his brother Alf, and made much money. Then he started a magazine. All this time the old, inbred Taylor desire was working. He needed an office to be completely happy, and he decided to run for the Senate against Carmack.

Carmack is red-haired. He is also a handy man in debate. Bob didn't think of that at first, and when, he made his public announcement, he said, in off-hand way, that if Ed. Carmack came on the stump with him it would rain red hair in Tennessee for three days. Carmack immediately replied that he was quite willing to contribute the hair for this remarkable hirsute shower if Taylor would undertake to make the rain. He tried to get on the stump with Taylor, offering his glistening poll as a sacrifice, but, when Carmack got to where Taylor was, Taylor wasn't there.

Tennessee has veered toward the water-wagon for some years. There are saloons in but four towns in the State now. Carmack charged the saloon men with trying to beat him. He knew which way the wind blew across the mint patches. This aroused much indignation, but it didn't help Carmack any; for, next day, Taylor said he had been a friend of prohibition for years and years. The ancient Taylor fetish worked. He was elected.

They called Taylor "The Knight of the White Rose," over in East Tennessee. Carmack said one day that he should be called "The Knight of the White Feather." Taylor wasn't miffed a bit. He opened his next speech with a reference to Henry of Navarre, and all his followers stuck white chicken-feathers in their hats. The Carmack men wore red feathers and red roses, and it was the old case of Lancaster over York again.

No Sectionalism for Them

TAYLOR is as versatile as his family. He can make a speech to a Grand Army meeting that will start the boys in blue to singing Marching Through Georgia and stumping around the hall, and, on the same afternoon, if it is necessary, he can refer so tenderly to the Lost Cause that those at the Confederate reunion weep so copiously they don't have to sprinkle the streets for a week. In politics he holds, with Lean Jimmy Jones, of Tennessee, that if the tariff is too high, lower it; and if it's too low, h'ist it.

Taylor is a remarkable story-teller and a talker who can make an audience laugh or cry. He was a great favorite on the lecture platform. He shines in a small company, and can spin yarns for an hour or a week or a month, all of them about the South. He will fill a long-felt want in the Senate cloak-rooms, for, now that Joe Blackburn has gone, there are few story-tellers left. And Taylor has this advantage: His stories end somewhere.

"Fiddling Bob" will not set fire to the Ephesian dome, nor to any other dome—there being two, one on the Capitol and one on the Library—but he will probably inject a spice of humor into the Senate, and they need humor up there mightily. He loves to pose as a simple, kindly soul, but do not mark him on that basis. He knows what he is doing every minute of the day. His story-telling and fiddling get him things he might not be able to get any other way.

When he came to Washington, last March, to watch Congress close, he stayed at the Raleigh Hotel. A number of correspondents of Tennessee papers went up to see him on the morning of March 5. Bob was just waking up. As the correspondents came in, Bob asked one of them to send downstairs and get a "niggah" for him.

The bellboy came: "Rastus," said Bob—"Rastus, fetch me a gourd o' water and take my boots out an' taller 'em up. I ain't feelin' like goin' plumb down to the spring."

Of course, the simple, kindly representative of the Taylor family didn't know that would be telegraphed back to Tennessee, where it would make a hit with the farmers.

Of course not!

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Dick, of Ohio, used to keep a flour-and-feed store in Akron, Ohio.

¶ P. J. Schwerin, manager of the Pacific Mail fleet, served in the United States Navy for many years.

¶ E. H. Harriman likes to see pictures of himself in the newspapers, but he is rather touchy about cartoons.

¶ Senator A. J. Beveridge has prejudices about hats. He wears soft hats and silk hats, but will not wear a derby.

¶ William Dudley Foulke, the civil service reformer, has the reputation of using more adjectives in his speeches than any other orator.

¶ Henry Phipps, the steel millionaire, is even smaller in stature than Andrew Carnegie. He is a nervous, alert, soft-voiced little man, and shrinks from notoriety.

¶ Ban Johnson, president of the American League of baseball clubs, was a baseball reporter on the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette before he became a "magnate."

¶ Richmond Pearson Hobson, who is now a Member of Congress, is so bald that it will be a tie between himself and Representative Longworth, the President's son-in-law, in the no-hair sweepstakes.

¶ When Senator Clark, of Montana, the richest man in the Senate and one of the richest in the world, retired from the Senate at noon on March 4, last, he handed his employees checks for their services that were accurately figured out until noon, March 4, and not longer.

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HOW TO KEEP WELL

Occupation and Diversion in Relation to Health

By Solomon Solis Cohen, M. D.

A FAVORITE question among those beginning to study the refinements of language used to be—perhaps, still is—that concerning the difference between "vocation" and "avocation"; the term vocation, or "calling," being used to indicate that pursuit in life to which one seriously devotes himself, and avocation to designate that path to which one, more or less habitually, turns aside for relief from the daily routine.

It would, indeed, be well for individuals and for communities if "occupation" and "calling" were synonymous, not in the dictionary alone, but in life also. The work that "calls" a man interests and stimulates him; the fatigue attendant upon it does not exhaust; and rest soon refreshes and renews his strength. When, however, the daily work of the great bulk of mankind is devoid of interest, is but a task and a drudgery, wearying to the body and dwarfing or harassing to the mind, not only the individual, but also society suffers. To be entirely healthy in mind and body one must feel the joy of life; must take delight in his activities; must be stimulated to continuance, renewal and betterment of endeavor, by satisfaction, even pride, in the result.

There is a striking saying in that much misquoted work known to readers of the English Bible as Ecclesiastes, or the Book of the Preacher. The twenty-fourth verse of the second chapter of this book, even in the imperfect renderings of the Authorized (King James) and the Revised versions, contradicts the usual false impression that the author sees naught in life save "vanity and vexation of spirit"; while another less literal rendering exhibits a view of man and the world so sane and wholesome that one is fain to believe, with Professor Paul Haupt, that Koheleth was a physician. What the Preacher says in the verse cited and repeats virtually in the eleventh and twelfth verses of chapter III, is this:

> Only thus shall a man find [life] good; when he can eat and drink [untroubling], and let his soul take joy in his work. I saw also that this is the gift of God.

These lines sketch broadly the necessary conditions of physical and mental health. The prime essential is nutrition; for which man, like other animals, depends upon regular and sufficient food and drink. Food and drink must be suitable, as well; but "that is another story," which we can take up hereafter. They must first be obtained, and we are now concerned with their obtainment—the search for the means of nutrition. Fascinating, indeed, if any one could tell it, would be the full story of that search, which, since life began, has shaped the course of history—not human history alone, but the evolution of all living creatures before and since the appearance of man. Here, however, we are to consider, and in part only, a single phase of that story—the effect upon mental life of the nutrition-search of the individual.

Now, taking for granted that food and drink are adequate, the factor having greatest influence over the health of body and mind alike is the quality of the mental life. That this will be greatly affected both by vocation and avocation, scarcely needs to be pointed out.

Working for One's Bread

Roughly speaking, men may, in relation to the search for nutriment, be divided into three classes: (1) those who by reason of inherited wealth are not compelled to toil for daily bread, and never take up any serious pursuit; (2) those, equally fortunate, who do, nevertheless, engage in some form of work; (3) those who must work to live.

The first class may be dismissed briefly. If wealth leads to idleness and dissipation, to aimless frivolity or to a mere time-killing life devoid of ideals, it becomes a curse. Mental and physical deterioration will inevitably follow, and will affect not only the idler, but his descendants also. On the other hand, if one lives temperately, takes sufficient, but not excessive, physical exercise and cultivates intellectual or artistic interests, a life deprived of the spur of necessity may still be happy and wholesome, and, if of little benefit to the world at large, be not only sweet to the man himself, but also a source of joy to others. The wholesomeness and happiness of such a life depends on two factors—its avocations and its ties of love or friendship.

The second class differs from the third chiefly in its greater degree of independence of the environment. Its members can be free from sordid anxieties, and they have the power to choose their occupations, which need not necessarily be gainful. They are, therefore, in better position to control those matters that affect bodily and mental vigor. The salvation of the British "leisure class" has been the devotion of many of its members to public affairs, to science or to literature.

Members of the third class likewise differ from one another in their relative control of external circumstances. Some can, with more or less difficulty, obtain entrance to chosen fields of work; others must take up with whatever offers. Some must earn each morsel as it is eaten and eat it as it is earned; others have more or less in reserve. Yet the same general principles hold good for all, however much the details must be modified in particular instances. To all, the words of Ecclesiastes are equally applicable. The soul that would keep its health must "take joy in its work."

When work is of congenial character the advice may easily be followed. But how can one take delight in work of which neither the doing nor the result means anything to him except so much expenditure of energy for so much—or usually so little—money? Ecclesiastes says that "it is the gift of God"; which may, perhaps, be modernized into "a matter of temperament." It is undoubtedly easier for one person than for another to make the best of circumstances; and we sometimes meet with extreme instances of both types—those who are never pleased, and those who, like Mark Tapley or Dr. Joseph Priestly, never lose their cheeriness. Yet this also is very largely in the power of each human will; and because it is so, and because half of the unhappiness and ill health in the world comes from ignorance or neglect of this tremendous fact, it is worth repeating and enlarging upon and exhibiting from many viewpoints.

The Bogy of Overwork

We hear frequently of men and women breaking down from "overwork." Especially in our own day and our own country is "nervous prostration" so frequent that at one time this condition, now commonly called "neurasthenia," was termed "the American disease." Its prevalence has virtually given rise to a new specialty in medicine and has caused an enormous development of the sanitarium and private hospital business. Notwithstanding all this, and despite the facts that there is really such a thing as overwork, and that even vigorous adults can by too intense or too long-continued effort exhaust their powers of mind and body, it is not, as a rule, excessive labor that is responsible for "nervous prostration." Sometimes, especially in the case of rich and idle or pleasure-seeking women, it comes from want of a sufficiently absorbing interest outside of self. In the absence of both vocation and avocation, and of the necessity to be up and doing, there arises a morbid attentiveness to one's feelings, an exaggeration of real but trivial derangements which may themselves be due to a highly artificial mode of life—and a ready yielding to ills entirely imaginary. More frequently, and with both sexes, nervous exhaustion is the result either of worriment or of ill-directed exertion.

Among causes of worriment none is more continuous in its action or more potent in its cumulative effect than dissatisfaction with one's occupation or with the conditions arising from that occupation.

For this "fretting" there is but one remedy. "The way to resume," said Horace Greeley, "is to resume"; and the way to get satisfaction out of uncongenial work is to get satisfaction out of it—which simply means to do the work so well that the perfection of the result shall be in itself a source of mental gratification, quite apart from any lack of interest in the doing or in the product. "What thy hand finds to do, that do with all thy might," if I may quote again from the Preacher, is a maxim of hygiene as well as of morals.

The economic fact that to "polish up the handles" with sufficient care may lead through clerkly copying and other well-done tasks to rulership of a queen's navy is, perhaps, somewhat beyond our present consideration—though the element of hope and incentive that it involves is quite within our scope. What we have here most clearly to recognize, however, is this—that in the absence of other pabulum the joy of accomplishment may be nourished upon the immaculate brightness of a chunk or two of brass; and that, up to a certain point, it is within the volition of every individual to let his soul take joy in the cleanliness of the glass and hardware that is under his charge.

When to Call a Halt

The natural question, of course, is, "up to what point?" and this question has been put to economists and psychologists as well as to students of hygiene. The reply may be couched in more or less intelligible jargon, according to the particular science interrogated, but, for practical purposes—and putting aside the questions of weekly Sabbath and annual vacation as being already settled—"eight hours" is as good an answer as any.

The demand for an eight-hour working day derives its greatest justification from the fact that, under our present industrial system, with its minute subdivision of labor and multiplication of machinery, the working life of the vast majority is reduced to attendance upon a piece of mechanism, to the doing of trivial things monotonously repeated, or to severe muscular exertion with little or no accompanying mental stimulus. When there is a personal interest in the product, when the work calls for varied forms of activity, when the mind as well as the body is exercised, one may continue for ten or twelve hours with far less fatigue than results from eight hours in a modern factory. The elements of zest and of time, therefore, are, in a measure, compensatory; and, except in the very heavy kinds of manual labor or in those occupations which put a continuous strain upon one group of muscles, it is mental rather than physical weariness which demands cessation from labor.

How long work which is purely mental can, or should, be continued without rest depends so much on the character of the work and the individual method of working that no absolute rule can be laid down. The subject requires so many qualifications that to present it properly demands a special study. It may be said that, in general, the more intense the concentration required, the shorter should be the period of continuous labor. Moreover, the fatigue that follows prolonged and concentrated intellectual effort is physical rather than mental, calling, therefore, for physical rest and change of mental activity.

During working hours muscle-structure and nerve-structure are being consumed, and a number of chemical products being formed which have to be "eliminated" (thrown out) from the body. Among them are certain poisons called "fatigue-toxins," to which the sense of weariness and lassitude are due, and which interfere with the contraction of the muscles, and the functions of nerve-cells. Rest is necessary to allow rebuilding of nerve and muscle and to permit complete elimination of toxins.

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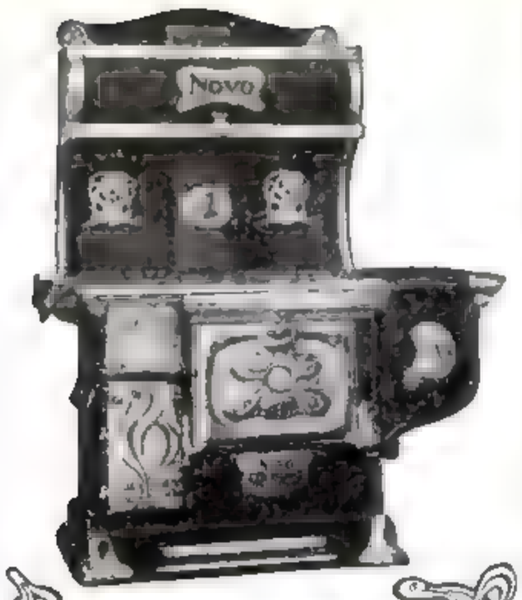

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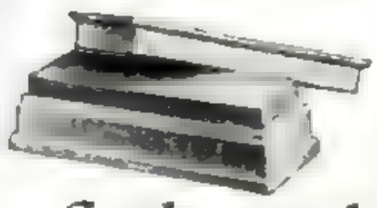

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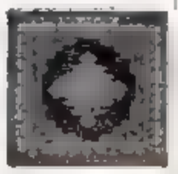

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Cessation from the daily labor, however, should not, as a rule, be followed by complete inaction. There are times, of course, when absolute rest of mind and body is desirable, but, as a rule, rest should be accompanied with diversion. According to circumstances, such diversion may or may not involve physical exertion. Ordinarily, an hour's repose after the day's work—unless this has been very heavy or has required intense concentration of mind—suffices to restore the elasticity of the muscles and to remove the excess of fatigue-poisons from the circulation, so that a new form of activity may be undertaken and the more prolonged rest, elimination and reconstruction be deferred for the eight or nine hours' sleep to come later. Moreover, the brain, which is the organ of the mind, rests in one portion while another is active, and it is especially the mind which in the time between work and sleep needs change of interest.

There is, especially among the young, a natural tendency to seek companionship at this period, and particularly that of "jolly comrades." "Laugh and grow fat" expresses a physical truth—there is no tonic to compare with merriment. When the family table and the home-circle are cheerful and entertaining, there is less danger of boys or girls being led astray by undesirable companions.

The subject of diversions suitable for large numbers of people in common is too large to be taken up here. Relatively to progress in other respects, and, perhaps, absolutely as well, antiquity, and even the middle ages—to say nothing of primitive and savage tribes—seem to have excelled twentieth-century civilization in the matter of popular amusements. As to individuals, one's diversion may be occasional and varied, or possess a certain continuity of type and interest. Both kinds are desirable. Necessarily, age, sex, temperament, physique, tastes, capacity, education, manners, social environment, place of residence and many other circumstances will influence not only the choice but the possible range of recreations. Country-dwellers have the advantage in the matter of outdoor sports and games, both winter and summer. The city, with its libraries, art-galleries, theatres, concert-halls, and other places of public amusement and instruction, offers greater opportunities for indoor diversion. Yet city-dwellers can and should obtain physical exercise, and, even before Mr. Carnegie's time, books had found their way to remote villages.

Other things being equal, the best forms of occasional diversion are those which offer the greatest contrast to the ordinary occupation: mental exercise for the hand-worker, physical exercise for the brain-worker. Yet activities that call into play, in the artisan, groups of muscles, or, in the thinker, mental faculties, not exercised in the daily work, may be equally good, or even better, for some individuals. The variations of circumstance and temperament are so great that particulars can scarcely be attempted, and we must confine ourselves to a few illustrations.

The Right Sort of Exercise

Among forms of physical exercise peculiarly suitable for those doing intense mental work are golfing and horseback riding. When it is really a diversion by reason of the pleasure offered by the scenery, by human interest (as in the city) or by converse with a chosen companion, walking is highly to be commended. When physical rest is to be combined with mental relaxation, light reading, backgammon, checkers and the simpler card games are available, there being a decided advantage in the combination of luck and skill. More serious reading, solemn card games (such as whist) and the concentrated attention of chess-playing are suitable when there is temperamental inclination and no great fatigue.

A continuous interest in something apart from one's ordinary work gives one an avocation; and this highly desirable form of activity may be mental or physical, or both, independently of the nature of the daily work. The form of the avocation in itself is of less importance than its power to hold interest, to please, to divert, and the ability of the person pursuing it to carry it on without strain and without allowing it to become so engrossing as to interfere with his real work in life.

As in the case of Spinoza, who earned his living by grinding lenses and philosophized because he had to, the avocation may be gainful, while the serious pursuit is the reverse. Spinozas, however, are rare, and an interest apart from one's usual work is even more imperative for the lesser intellects than for the great ones. In this interest, also, may be found compensation for the worries of a distasteful occupation or relief from the annoyances which inseparably attend even one's chosen calling

Music as a Health Aid

Perhaps, the most widely applicable of such interests, the most easily available whether by hand-workers or brain-workers—is music. It is also the least dependent upon accidents of time, place and personality; it appeals in its various forms and degrees to the simple and to the cultivated; and among all sorts and conditions of men it affords the greatest opportunity of giving pleasure to others, thus combining with its own delights those of social converse. It is unequaled in its power to respond to the varying needs and moods of the human soul, and, in one respect, it is almost unique—namely, that even professional musicians find relaxation and recreation in the spontaneous, and, perhaps, the whimsical, exercise of their own art. Music, moreover, may be enjoyed passively as well as actively, and despite all that has been said in derogation of mechanical methods of production, from the music-box and the hand-organ to the pianola and the phonograph, the multiplication of means to bring the beneficial influences of harmonious sound within reach of those whose lack of skill or training might otherwise make such enjoyment difficult of attainment, tends to increase the sum of human happiness.

The study of Nature, whether as more or less systematic astronomy, geology, botany, zoölogy, etc., or the mere interested observation of sky and rock, woods and meadows, flower and tree, insect, bird and animal, has the great advantage of taking one out-of-doors, and combining rational physical exercise with one of the highest uses of the mind. Above any other form of intellectual activity Nature-study enlarges the view, prevents self-centring and inspires a reverential attitude toward the Power that the universe manifests. Inasmuch as "snap-shotting" adds greatly to the zest of the amateur naturalist's pursuit of bird and beast, and also tends to discourage the wanton destruction of animal life, the portable camera may be classed as among the most valuable of all contributions of science and commerce to the rational life.

Participation in public affairs is rarely undertaken—the rascals say never—"for one's health." Yet it is true that unselfish concern and activity for the good of others, in civic trusts, educational, artistic and charitable foundations and the like, is one of the best means for preserving the sound mind in the sound body.

In addition to music, government, philanthropy, science and other large interests, such as art, literature, history and the like, there are many smaller and more personal interests, "hobbies" of many sorts, which may be raised to the dignity of avocations. Collections of various things from postage-stamps to idols, hand-work of various kinds from locksmithing or electric tinkering to china-painting and embroidery—all have their attractions and their benefits.

The essential matter is to be interested, absorbingly interested, in something outside of self, and beyond the daily grind; to be absorbingly interested, but not so absorbingly that it cannot be put aside when necessary, and taken up with renewed enjoyment when possible.

Better, indeed, than a single hobby is a wide interest in men and the world; a mind so cultivated as to have an infinity of resources within itself, even when cut off from special external stimulus. Too often, men who have achieved success in the world, through concentration of energy in some one direction, neglect all else, and, when they do not die prematurely of arterio-sclerosis, they lose their capacity for enjoyment of life except in one special aspect. They may be rich beyond their needs, but they must continue to work because they do not know how to rest. They could retire from the strain and risk of business or the wear and tear of a professional career, but, if they did so, they would be lost souls wandering in an unknown world.

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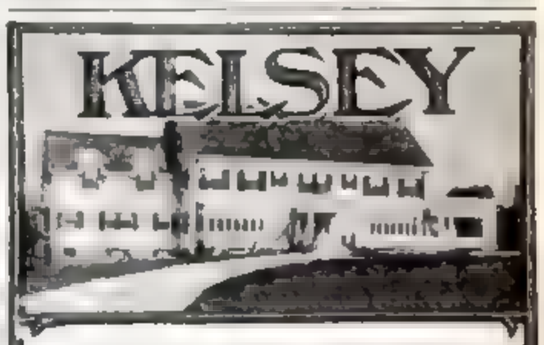

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This doubtless explains why so many persons are giving thought and study to the subject of investment securities, the object being to place their money in safe channels where it will earn the rate of interest to which it is entitled under existing conditions

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YOUR SAVINGS

REAL ESTATE AS AN INVESTMENT

ONE of the interesting phases of the investment problem in the United States is that it is not restricted to any one activity. In England, for example, most of the popular investment is in British consols, while in France it is *rentes*, or government bonds. But, in our country, we have all kinds of bonds, stocks, real-estate mortgages and varied business opportunities. There is still another large field for investment, one that attracts many people and one which nearly every one with money to invest has seriously considered at some time or other. This is real estate.

Since the earliest time land has been a measure of wealth. It has been the ransom of kings, the dower of brides, the object of mighty conquest. "To own property," as the phrase has long gone, has been an almost universal ambition. Yet there are few fields in which more money has been lost through injudicious placing.

One reason why real estate has entered so largely into the drama of the people is that it has so often meant a home that you could call your own. But how to choose wisely and buy properly is the problem.

There are two ways of buying real estate, just as there are two ways of buying stocks and other securities. One way is to buy for investment, and it is with this phase that we are mainly concerned. The other way is to buy it for speculation. Most indiscriminate buying of real estate is speculation pure and simple, because then you buy with the express hope of having the property increase in value. This is the same purpose that causes men to gamble in stocks.

In the first place, real estate is one of the most stable of things. It cannot go into bankruptcy; it cannot move away (earthquakes are very infrequent in the United States), and it suffers comparatively little from mismanagement or the crookedness of bad officials. Of course, it is seriously affected by the condition of business, and when there is a widespread business depression there is a decline in the value of real estate generally.

Then Why Not Buy?

If real estate is such a stable thing, why should it not be a good thing for the average investor with savings? It *is* a safe investment, but more precautions are necessary in buying it than in almost any other kind of investment. No matter in what part of the United States you live, or what your occupation is, it is safe to say that you have been tempted at some time to buy real estate. The opportunity in many cases has been hard to resist, too.

Perhaps in your home town there has been what is called a "boom," when real-estate values suddenly go up and everybody goes real-estate mad and expects to get rich over-night. The town, no matter what or where it is, is at once destined to be "the queen city," and all roads will lead to it. But often the boom flattens out and the only crop that the land yields is a crop of taxes and troubles. Therefore it is a good thing for the average investor to keep away from "booms" and "boom towns." The history of many Western States is the story of the spectacular rise, decline and fall of such towns. The only people who profited by them were the promoters who sold land early in the boom.

During the past three years, keeping pace with the general prosperity, there has been a legitimate activity in real estate, and much of it has been bought for investment, but more for speculation. It has come to be a favorite medium for the so-called "big operators" who deal in millions.

Let us take the case of a man or woman with savings who wants to buy real estate as an investment, with the primary object of using it as a site for a home.

The immediate problem is to get it in that location where it has the best chance of increasing in value, for, no matter if you have no idea of selling it again, there is a satisfaction in having it become more valuable the longer you own it. You never know when an emergency might call upon you to sell it. This matter of appreciation in value should be the underlying one in all real-estate buying.

If you are living in a small town or a city, it is best to buy in what may be called the path of progress. Let the property be near the line toward which business is moving, for the encroachment of some kinds of business increases values, though, also, some kinds of business depreciate values. If a brewery or a stable should be built on a residence square, the value of property there would go down. Again, a fever epidemic would do much toward sending down values.

Another thing to be considered in buying real estate is the matter of the town's or city's prosperity. It is best to buy in a city that is growing in population and business. Every thousand of people added puts dollars to the value of your holdings. It is like buying the bonds of a company with a steady earning record. Real estate in cities of waning population and suffering from competition with neighboring cities declines steadily.

Buying real-estate bargains is often a matter of opportunity. Sometimes a chance offers because of the fact that the owner is forced to sell property unexpectedly, and so the price is lower than it otherwise would be.

It is usually easy to borrow money on real estate, and real-estate mortgages, as already outlined in this department, have a steady demand as an investment. There could be no better evidence of the value of real estate itself as an investment.

Improved and Unimproved

There are two kinds of property, improved and unimproved.

Improved property is property on which something is built. It may be a dwelling, a factory or a theatre. Unimproved property, on the other hand is property without anything built on it.

Many great fortunes have been started by the lucky purchase of improved property. Men and women have bought old buildings, made them into tenements and got good rents from them. When improved property can be bought cheaply the rents afford a good income and yield a satisfactory return on the money invested. But often it is a risky business that causes you much solicitude. Your house is liable to remain empty, the tenant may leave without paying the rent.

The opportunities to buy real estate are becoming greater each year because the competition between agents is becoming keener. One rule may be laid down for all real-estate buying: Always see the property you contemplate buying and investigate it before making the purchase.

No investment, perhaps, is more liable to such an extraordinary increase in value as real estate, though it often takes time and requires much patience on the part of the holder of the property. This is one reason why the best kind of real-estate investment is a long-term investment. Frequently there is a lengthy period of depreciated value before the big rise sets in.

No city in the United States has a greater wonder story of increased real-estate values to tell than New York. In 1626 the island of Manhattan was bought from the Indians for twenty-four dollars' worth of trinkets. To-day it is worth billions of dollars. The princely Astor fortune, estimated at four hundred and fifty million dollars, one of the great fortunes of the world, was made in New York real estate.

Here is a concrete example: In 1826 John Jacob Astor bought what was known as the Thompson Farm, which comprises what is now Fifth Avenue from Thirty-second to Thirty-sixth Street for twenty-five thousand dollars. To-day that property is worth thirty-five million dollars. The city of New York paid twelve million five hundred thousand dollars for Central Park. It could not be bought to-day for two hundred million dollars. Property in New York is becoming more valuable every day. The population is growing and the island cannot increase in size.

The building of factories, the extension of streets, the development of traction lines—all enter into the increase of real-estate values, and the bearing of these factors upon whatever property you have in mind should be carefully considered.

How many houses have you presented to your landlord

YOU don't **have** to live in another Man's house – the rent you pay is ample to buy you a home of your own if you will give it a chance.

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Sense and Nonsense

A Record Killing

A PLANTER rode to a crossroads store in Mississippi, where the slaughter of a negro is not an occurrence that excites remark, and sat down on the porch.

The storekeeper came out.

"Mornin', Bul"

"Mornin', Jim"

"What's goin' on back yender in the country?"

"Nothin'; not a leaf stirrin'. Right smart of cotton and grass, but nothin' doin'."

"Ain't they nothin' doin'?"

"Nope. Cain't remember a thing; but, say, they was somethin' a day or two back. You recollect Abe Perkins?"

"Yep; I know Abe."

"Well, Abe Perkins killed a nigger last Tuesday that weighed more'n two hundred pounds."

Affinities

When Benjamin wed Annie, oh!
They both were kindly fated;
It Bennie-fited him, you know,
While she was Annie-mated.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

The Wings of the Tourist

JIM HANCE, who is one of the good things that go with the Grand Cañon of Arizona, likes to fill the wondering tourists with tales of the enormous dangers of that great fissure.

He was talking to some people who intended to go down the Bright Angel trail.

"You must understand," said Jim, "that when you get down to the bottom of the cañon and reach the shore of the Colorado River, it is very warm, desperately warm. You cannot imagine how hot it is. Why, I'll give you my word, I have been down there when it was so hot it melted the wings off the flies."

"But," put in an incredulous lady from New England, "how do the tourists stand it?"

"Madame," Jim replied, "I have never yet seen a tourist with wings."

A Little Deal in Trees

MAJOR WILLIAM A. WADSWORTH, president of the Boone and Crockett Club, of which President Roosevelt is a member, owns about all of the Genesee Valley, in New York State, that his cousin, James W. Wadsworth, does not own.

The Major has a large number of big black walnut trees on his lands. There is a great demand for this wood in Germany, and every fall a German buyer comes to Geneseo and the Major sells him such trees as he thinks he can cut.

The Major engaged a forestry expert last year to develop his great wooded estates. When the German buyer wrote he was coming, the Major told the forestry expert to go into the woods, select a hundred or two black walnut trees and have them cut down in readiness for the buyer. The forestry expert took out a gang of choppers and marked certain trees. The choppers cut the marked trees down, dressed them and drew the logs to the railroad station.

The German buyer arrived, and the forestry expert was on hand to meet him. "Where is my black walnut?" the buyer asked.

"Here," said the forestry expert, pointing to the pile of logs.

The German buyer looked at the logs and exploded. "What!" he shouted, "that is not black walnut. Not a log is black walnut."

He was right, too. The forestry expert had cut down most of Major Wadsworth's black ash.

Translating a Thought

INTERVIEWERS who talk with Viscount Stuzo Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador to this country, find that the Viscount, after a question has been asked of him, takes about two minutes for a reply. Meantime, he gazes steadily into the eyes of the interviewer and often succeeds in embarrassing the seeker after opinion.

The Japanese Ambassador does not confuse his questioner intentionally, for he is the most polite of men.

He lived in Germany a long time and speaks German fluently. He also speaks English, but not fluently. This is the way his mind works: When a question is asked him in English he translates it into German. Then he translates the German into Japanese and formulates his answer. After that has been pondered he translates the answer to German and thence to English. He cannot translate directly from English to Japanese or from Japanese to English.

He understands none but the most correct or "book" English. If an interviewer uses an idiom or a bit of slang the Ambassador waits patiently until the sentence has been corrected and put into the undefiled tongue. Then he laboriously sets to work at it and, after his various translations back and forth, announces his reply.

Another Nature-Fakir

HERE is another story of Jim Hance and the Grand Cañon of Arizona.

When tourists are thick Jim rides over to the hotels and talks to them. He has marvelous tales to tell. One day he was standing by the top of the Bright Angel trail, with a few pieces of meat in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that meat, Mr. Hance?" asked a pert tourist lady from Boston.

"Why, I'm goin' down to feed my pet fish with it."

"Your pet fish? Have you a pet fish? Oh, tell me about it!"

"Wal," said Jim, "it was this way: One time, some years ago, I was fishin' down there in the cañon in the Colorado River. I wasn't havin' much luck, but, all of a sudden, I seen a commotion in the water and a tolerable-sized fish riz up and looked at me. I seen the fish was angry and, as there ain't anythin' much more despit than a mad fish, I ducked. I was just in time, for the fish leaped out of the water and straight at me. He'd 'a' speared me sure if it hadn't been fer that duck of mine. As it was, he went clean over me and landed in a pool in the hollow of the rocks behind me, where there was a considerable pond of water. He couldn't get out, and he's there yet. Him and me is fast friends now, and I go down twicet a week and feed him."

"How long ago was that?"

"It was seventeen year ago."

"The fish must be quite large by this time."

"Oh," said Jim, "not so much—not so much. Last time I put the tape on him he was only twenty-seven feet long. He ain't got his full growth yit."

Harmless

She often wrung men's bosoms in a careless sort of way,
Yet she wasn't what you'd call the worst of flirts,
But an humble working-woman doing washing, day by day,
In a laundry where she had to wring men's shirts.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Chris, Pete and Jim

KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS, the United States District Judge who fined John D. Rockefeller at Chicago a few weeks ago, has supplied some novel sensations to the staid Federal judiciary in the two years he has been on the bench.

One day after his appointment had been announced by the President, but before he assumed office, Mr. Landis was intercepted in the corridor of the courts by Circuit Judge Christian C. Kohlsaat.

"I am happy to learn," said that venerable jurist, "that you are to become one of my colleagues on the bench, Mr. Landis. But, young man, from what I hear, you have much to learn in the way of upholding the dignity of the office. I am told that you are in the habit of referring to me as 'Chris' Kohlsaat."

Whereat Landis began to erupt uproarious laughter, so uproarious, in fact, that before he had recovered his composure he had attracted a larger audience, including Federal Judges Peter S. Grosscup and James Jenkins.

"'Chris,' I'll bet I can guess who told you that," chuckled Landis. "It was either 'Pete' Grosscup or 'Jim' Jenkins."

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

Hats for Men

THE BANTAM

KNAPP-FELT styles have a swing which is all their own. They are exclusive C & K designs of approved propriety and have characteristic refinement and individuality. The shapes are of sufficient variety to afford an opportunity for the exercise of taste in the selection of a properly becoming hat—one which will harmonize with the face and physique of the wearer.

Knapp-Felt is a wear-resisting hat-fabric peculiar to the C & K shop and, owing to its firm and close texture, Knapp-Felt hats are less affected by constant usage than any others and retain throughout a long life their distinguished appearance. A noticeable feature of Knapp-Felt Derbies is their perfect "balance," due to the nice proportion of material and stiffening in brim and crown—consequently they feel lighter and are pleasanter to handle and to wear.

The exquisite Vellum Finish of the Knapp-Felt De Luxe hat is the result of the use of clear Argentine Nutria combined with fifty years' experience in making fine hats. It cannot be successfully imitated.

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THE PLAYER

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

840 Broadway, New York

A CLEAR FIELD

(Continued from Page 7)

in the pale dusk. He snatched up his Panama and ran downstairs blithely with it in his hand; he had suddenly an overmastering desire to see Constant Hallowell with this new distinctness, and to ask her why she had helped him.

And he saw her—the candid lines of her lovely figure, the richly clustering hair, the charm of her white throat, the charm of her parted lips, as she leaned backward into a radius of lamplight, talking with a group in the hall. For the fraction of a second he knew that her gaze rested on him as he strode down the hall toward her. If he had had any intention of speaking to her the intention fell flat on the instant, though he raged inwardly, confounded. What was there about her that made her so utterly inaccessible? If she had been merely frigid or proud or disdainful—— He could disregard opposition, but he could not intrude on the privacy which she reserved for herself. Yet her assistance to him had not been accidental!

He ate the evening meal in moody silence; that illuminating vision was fading rapidly away into thick dimness again. Philip had a tense sensation as of one in an interim between something that had happened and something that was going to happen, and little unnecessary annoyances flicked this inner mood. Miss Hallowell was apparently having a very good time at the other end of the long table, which was covered, in the farmhouse fashion that was the habit of The Nook, with a coarse, very clean white cloth, with thick glass vases of sweet peas distributed down the centre of the board. These were flanked on the sides by large white cups and saucers, and small platters of fried fish, caught in a near-by lake. Half of the people were not down yet, Mrs. Lumley among them. On the opposite side a frank lady conversed at length as to the restrictions of her diet. Philip hurried through the meal, and then waited interminably on the side piazza for young Davis Faulkner, who shared his occupation of barker at the carnival; cowering back into his shadowed corner as he waited, to avoid a hovering lady, who always asked him to post a letter for her.

"Is Miss Hallowell going to-night?" he asked abruptly, when Faulkner joined him.

Faulkner looked surprised. "Miss Hallowell? Yes, she's coming with Dorothy"—Dorothy was Mr. Faulkner's fiancée—"and the crowd."

"Oh!"

"Yes, she's got Dunning in charge, after all; he was going to stay at home, you know, but at the last moment he concluded to go—so that he could keep her from having too good a time, I suppose. We'd better hurry on; we've got good billets. I'm on the Ferris wheel and you've got the merry-go-round. Somebody else will claim them if we don't get there. They say Dunning's got nervous prostration, but, from what Dorothy tells me, I call it ordinary selfishness. I'm not denying that he's clever and a genius and all that—but that only makes it worse. I get so tired of his long face and his hooked beak and that Pet me, mother, pet me' expression. Yesterday morning—you weren't here—when every one else went off on Towner's yacht, Constant stayed home to read to him because he felt as if he were going to die. Nobody else will put up with him! He varies between a sneering, blackguarding skepticism as to a hereafter, and the fear that he's predestined to eternal torment. When he's confuted on one ground he takes to the other—he has one of those patent back-acting minds that never can stick to one side——"

"Pleasant sort of a companion," said Philip shortly as the two walked on.

"It makes Dorothy furious. She thinks the world and all of Constant! She says what that girl has gone through nobody knows. All her family died off within a year, and Constant did all the supporting before that. She's musical critic for the Sphere now. Dunning got her the position; he was a friend of her family; she thinks everything of that. She ought to start in and have a good time now, all the good time she can get, but she has a perfect mania for compassion. She'll marry some bloke—Dunning, I suppose—primarily because he needs to be taken care of, and be a sacrifice to the end of the chapter."

"Dunning seems to think a good deal of her," said Philip.

Faulkner stopped for a minute. "Do you *know* Dunning?"

"No."

"Well, a closer man never breathed. It hurts him to give up a cent. It's the one vice in a man I can't *stand*. Dorothy says he's never given Constant so much as a flower or a bar of chocolate in all these years he's known her. When we made up that purse for those flowers for Miss Bloom the night of the play he was the only man who didn't chip in! Great Scott! when I grudge a little pleasure like that to a girl —— Dorothy and I want particularly to do something for Constant. She's always been left out of things; she's so unselfish that people trade on it. I'm awfully sorry we can't take her motoring to-morrow—she got crowded out last time—but there seems to be always some one that we *have* to take."

"I suppose so," said Philip briefly. He began to feel a strange, almost proprietary, resentment in having her discussed at all, and a sort of latent fury that she was dependent on the uncertain good will of others.

As they walked they had gradually been gathering companions, hatless youths and girls in their teens, men with shabby cutaways and black derbies tipped on one side, shawled and jacketed women with children by the hand, swarming in from the factory lines beyond the village, and all veering toward one point. In that open field ahead white tents of all sizes loomed up in the soft darkness, illuminated by circles and rows of little points of light which seemed to cast no radiance around them. The shadowy outlines of the meadows were already filled with people passing and repassing on the damp, weed-grown, trampled grass, which gave forth an odd, pungent odor. It should by rights have been warm, but the August night was cool, with a suggestion of rain in the thick cloud which hid the rising moon that every one had been counting on. A brass band made itself suddenly evident, mingled with the mechanical strains of the merry-go-round. The barkers were already at work. Young Gray, one of the summer colony, was engaged in yelling out attractions to the entering crowd. He hailed Philip and Faulkner, to the joy of the multitude.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and especially Johnson and Faulkner, and see the beautiful two-faced lady, one face blond and one brunette—greatest attraction ever offered; has received offers of marriage in every town in Europe and America. Beautiful two-faced lady, *also* elegant double-jointed gentleman from Java, ties himself into true-lover's knots while you wait. Lottery tickets presented to all who enter; if you get one with portrait of the two-faced lady or double-jointed gentleman of Java it gives the winner luck in love for twenty-four hours. Only ten cents to see the beautiful two-faced lady and the double-jointed gentleman, and receive a ticket which may insure your happiness for life. Come, plunk out, you two! Get inside with you!"

There was a wild shout when, a couple of minutes later, Faulkner and Philip came out, the former, to Philip's absurd chagrin, with a brilliantly blue pictorial lucky ticket held high. The tent was instantly besieged, as the two barkers hurried away. The place was already beginning to fill up with another strain of society: merry after-dinner parties or girls in white with floating scarfs and white-slippered feet, well escorted and chaperoned, mingling oddly with the press and slipping in and out of the shadows into the lighted places, and from the light back into the gloom again.

Troops of children ran to and fro over the slippery grass. There was a general air of surprised hilarity in the commingling of all classes in the purpose of pleasure, which charity had made possible. People were continually meeting and exclaiming: "You here, too?" in laughing surprise. The circus was already in full tilt, the barker at the receipt of custom rapidly passing in consignments of small children with guarantee to deliver them to the waiting parents when the show was over.

Philip found that his billet at the merry-go-round had been given, by some confusion of consignment, to a pugnacious young doctor who stood on his rights of possession with an evident conviction that the hospital

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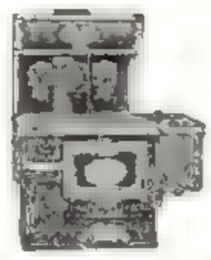

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And doesn't it always happen that the stove or range he happens to be handling is "the greatest on earth," "the best" and "the only"? It may be one make this year and another next year, but it's always "the best."

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funds would suffer irretrievably if he didn't, and Philip in exchange was escorted to the only place left—a tiny, detached tent, dimly lighted, on the outer line of the circle at the end where, indeed, it stopped being a circle at all—the snake show, some thirty feet away, being on one side, and only the open field on the other. It offered as attraction a Learned Pig.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Learned Pig, a recent graduate from Yale. Answers questions in four different languages."

Only a few scattered boys came in from time to time to see the Learned Pig. After a while, however, there seemed to be a commotion over in the other part of the ground. He heard the words called from one to another, "There's something the matter with the Ferris wheel; it won't go!"—and there was a sweeping rush of the people toward it. Philip, yielding to the infection, left his post and ran also, making one of the jostling crowd. The excitement was, however, soon over the wheel, which had unaccountably refused to move, was going on again lightsomely. There seemed to be no one in the throng around him that Philip had ever seen before, except—yes, that was Mrs. Lumley, her head thrown back, a crimson cape over one shoulder. He felt a momentary sensation of pleasure, and then of intense repugnance to meeting her. He turned and made his way as well as he could quickly out of the throng, but that five minutes looking at rows of lights had done its work—the blur he had been persistently fighting off by sheer will power had settled down as a shrouding fact. He seemed to have lost all his bearings as he got beyond the row, and then thought that he was approaching his post from the side next the field. He took his stand some dozen paces away and began resolutely:

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Learned Pig, a recent graduate from Yale."

"Mr. Johnson! Is it you? What are you doing out here?" The amazed voice was that of Miss Hallowell.

Philip was astonished at the sensation it gave him. "Do I care as much as that?" he thought, as he returned with light questioning, "*Am* I 'out here'?"

"Indeed you are," she answered. He felt the glance with which she regarded him. "You are near a little tent out in the field with some barrels under it. I've been taking some children to the carriage and ran back this way. Take care! Don't move there; you'll step into the ditch. Mr. Johnson, I'm afraid there's something serious the matter. Can't you see?"

"I'm afraid I can't," said Philip ruefully—"that is, not very distinctly. Everything's gone blurred and queer it gives me a very odd feeling. I'll be all right in a few minutes, only" the lightness of his tone sunk to a groan "my eyes have been going lately; I've felt it, though I wouldn't take the warning. They're going just as fast as they can now."

"But you can do something first!"

"Can you?" He went on as if more to himself than to her. "I'll consult Doctor Warner when he gets back to town, of course he's the highest authority but it won't make any difference."

"Oh, you mustn't talk like that—you mustn't even think it," said Miss Hallowell earnestly. "Depression is the very worst thing for you."

"Oh, I suppose I ought to take it as a joke. Mighty funny thing to be going blind when you are not the person," returned Philip, with a new unreasoning rage, that gave way, at her silence, to quick, proud apology.

"I beg your pardon; it's brutal of me to speak like this. It's very kind of you to try and help me out," his voice sank. "I have such a horror of the whole thing. I'd as soon die at once as begin that dark-room business, and I have a horror of anybody else finding out until I have to tell it."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Hallowell pitifully. Her white gown rustled near him as he stood with down-dropped head, his teeth pressed together. Far off in the gloom the circus band was playing with rattling swiftness, Waltz Me Around Again, Willie.

She went on after a few moments, very gently: "Suppose I take you more into the centre of things—to your friends—don't you think that would be better?"

"And let the Learned Pig root for itself?" queried Philip, turning toward her with a smile. "Well, so be it!"

"Then grasp my arm just above the elbow, Mr. Johnson, as if you were piloting me. I perfectly detest to see couples walking that way, but, at any rate, it won't excite comment." Her soft fingers had placed his on her arm as she spoke. "There now—lift up your feet; there are any number of hummocks. I don't see how you got out here."

"I don't either," he murmured. They walked in silence together back across the darkened spaces of the wet grass into the moving throng. Another voice than Gray's was calling out the attractions of the two-faced lady, but the doctor was still resolutely exploiting the merry-go-round. It was the most unbelievable thing in life that Philip's hand should be clasped around her warm arm, bare except for the thin floating sleeve; the most impalpable, yet most subtle stimulant seemed to proceed from the contact as the crowd jostled them.

He broke the silence abruptly to say: "How did you know this of me so quickly?"

"My grandmother had trouble with her eyes. *I* took care of her—we were alone when it was coming on."

"Did she go blind?"

"Yes; but she was old—nearly eighty."

"She didn't look anything like as old as that when I saw her." Philip nerved himself. "I don't know what you've thought of me—but I've wanted always to apologize to you for my rudeness some years ago. There never was any excuse—there isn't now, but I must tell you ——"

"Pray don't," interposed Miss Hallowell, with an instant return to that manner which made a delicate porcelain barrier around her which only could be broken through disastrously, no matter how he chafed at it. "I've quite forgotten. I'm sure you will oblige me by not referring to any time when we may have met before."

"Certainly," murmured Philip with a secret and dogged resolution to yet find a way over that barrier whether she would or no.

"And shall I leave you with Mr. Davis or with Mrs. Lumley over there?"

"No, no; please don't leave me! Not yet!" cried Philip in genuine alarm. This hold on her arm, which was as warm as she was cold, wasn't a privilege to be lightly foregone—to feel her sympathy going from him made him desolate indeed. His step faltered as if some sustaining quality had already departed—it claimed her alert attention instantly.

"Mr. Johnson, I can't leave you alone, yet I must get back to Mr. Dunning. He wants to go home early. You can't keep walking around by yourself."

"Any more passengers for the Ferris wheel?" the stentorian tones of Davis Faulkner sang out from the platform beside them. "Ladies and gentlemen, the trip to the starry spaces will begin in thirty seconds—twenty seconds—fifteen. Here, Miss Constant, you can't escape me like that! You and Johnson pile in and fill up this game." He pulled them both up the steps as he spoke, in spite of Miss Hallowell's laughing protests.

"Nonsense, you've got plenty of time. You'll be out in five minutes. I'll strap you in safely. There! Off you go!"

The great wheel began to revolve, turning slowly. The seats were not all filled, notwithstanding Faulkner's loud urgings—the slight disarrangement of the machinery earlier had deterred some of the more timid spirits. Near as he was to his companion, now he knew, as they swung off into space, that the slightest obtrusion of his own personality would push him further from her than he had ever been, all the more so that he felt, at the kind smile she had turned on him as he had taken his place beside her, that her yielding to Faulkner's plea was in the nature also of a concession to himself, a last indulgence such as one gives to a crying child. A few moments and she would have done with him. What could he do to keep her?

He glanced at her furtively. She was leaning backward, her eyes cast down. She looked very soft and white in the clear gloom—one hand held a light scarf around her bare throat, the other lay on her white gown. The wheel made one revolution, bringing forth laughing shrieks from couples in the swinging cars below. Another revolution—one more, and the silent trip would be at an end.

One more! As the car in which they sat hung at the zenith the wheel hitched and stopped short, suddenly—trembled a little as if striving to go on, and then stuck—this time hard and fast.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE LAKES-TO-GULF WATERWAY

(Continued from Page 4)

under way, will solve Chicago's awful sewage problem, may be accepted. Whether the problem could not have been solved better in some other manner is neither here nor there. The big question is whether this canal, having accomplished the primary object for which it was constructed, shall be given a higher utility as the lake end of a great waterway.

Down the Father of Waters

The engineer's estimate of twenty-seven millions to provide a fourteen-foot channel from Lake Joliet to the mouth of the Illinois River, 286 miles, and thence twenty-three miles down the Mississippi to St. Louis, is, of course, only approximate. The Mississippi River channel is notoriously variable and shifting. Between St. Louis and Cairo, 186 miles, an average depth of eight feet may be counted on for half the year. To get fourteen feet—with the increased flow from the Sanitary Canal—is a matter of regularizing the channel and of dredging. The Mississippi receives the waters of the Missouri at St. Louis, and of the Ohio at Cairo. Between Cairo and the gulf, 1072 miles, much has already been done by the States and the Government in the way of regularizing the channel—in good part to prevent damage by overflow. To maintain a minimum depth of fourteen feet during a period in each year longer than the period of navigation on the Great Lakes is entirely feasible, in the opinion of competent engineers.

It would cost money. Exactly how much it is impossible to say, and the point is really immaterial. It might, for a period of five years, double the Government's expenditures for improvement of rivers. Last year the Government spent for that purpose $18,438,964, which was two and a half per cent. of its total expenditures. The cost, if spread over a period of ten years, might amount to anywhere from one to two per cent. per annum of the railroad freight charges paid in the Mississippi Valley, or to some infinitesimal fraction of one per cent. per annum of the value of the valley's farm products. It might even amount to as much as the Harriman railroads have spent the last five years in building cut-offs to shorten the line and reduce grades, or to as much as the Pennsylvania Railroad is spending on New York terminals. The question with the railroads is simply whether the work will pay, and that ought to be the only question with the Government.

There are, of course, those who say it will not pay; that railroads are the only proper carriers of commerce, and artificial waterways are no good. They point to the old Illinois and Michigan Canal, which is now certainly as dismal, abandoned and evil-smelling a ditch as any railroad advocate would wish to find. As before explained, that canal never did accomplish the object for which it was inadequately planned, and the big, parallel Sanitary Canal has now taken away what little business it had. Yet in its best days it carried as high as a million tons of freight a year. Even in the year before the Sanitary Canal was opened it carried 469,352 tons. Twenty years ago Commissioner Brainerd declared that, far short as the canal fell of the original purpose, it had demonstrably saved the public $180,000,000 in freight charges. Objectors point also to the Erie Canal, which, after admittedly great service, has fallen to an inconsiderable state. But the people of New York think well enough of it to have voted $101,000,000 recently for its improvement.

In the Great Lakes the Northwest has a big—though incomplete—east and west waterway. In 1858 the average freight charge on corn per bushel from Chicago to New York by rail was three times as much as by lake and canal. Last year it was less than twice as much. The all-water rate declined from 12.7 cents, in 1858, to 5.51 cents in 1906; the all-rail rate from 36.19 cents, in 1858, to 9.52 cents in 1906. At present, in carrying grain from Chicago to New York, by water to Buffalo, thence by rail, the boat gets one-third of the through rate and the cars two-thirds, although the boat mileage is about double that of the car. To carry a bushel of grain from New York to Chicago by rail costs a little over ten cents; to carry the same bushel from Chicago to New York by rail, thence by water to Liverpool, costs a little over eleven cents—one cent, approximately, being added for the additional three-thousand-mile haul by water.

The average cost of moving a ton of freight a mile by rail in the United States is 7.8 mills. The average cost of moving a ton of freight a mile by water on the Great Lakes is .85 of a mill; on the Ohio and lower Mississippi—by steamer and barge—it is .3 of a mill, or less than one-twentieth the cost by rail.

There are no comprehensive statistics of water traffic as there are of rail traffic. Shipments on the Great Lakes last year exceeded seventy-five million tons, and about sixty per cent. of that amount passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canals. Statistics of Ste. Marie Canals traffic have been kept for eighteen years, during which time traffic has increased from five billion ton-miles to thirty-seven billion ton-miles, and the average rate per ton per mile has decreased from 1.5 mills to .85 of a mill. In the same time railroad freight traffic has increased from 65 to 187 billion ton-miles—or, roughly, threefold against sevenfold for the lakes—and the average rate per ton per mile has fallen from 9.8 mills to 7.8 mills. The cost by river is less than by lake. If we had comprehensive water traffic figures we should undoubtedly find that the average cost per ton per mile was less than one-tenth that by rail. Iron ore is carried a thousand miles by water for 80 cents a ton, and 135 miles by rail to Pittsburg for 90 cents a ton. Coal has been brought to Pittsburg by river at four cents a ton, and the same distance by rail—when navigation was suspended—for 44 cents a ton. A lower river steamer has handled safely in one tow seventy thousand tons of freight in barges, or 2333 carloads.

Chicago's Commercial Position

Certainly, in the main, only bulky and slow-moving freights go by water. Those are just the freights in which the Mississippi Valley is most interested. Twelve States in the valley, north of the Ohio River, raise practically all the surplus grain grown in this country (excepting, as to wheat, the Pacific Coast). They have about sixty per cent. of the farm livestock and supply all the iron ore for the Northern steel trade. There were shipped on the Great Lakes last year one hundred and sixty-four million bushels of grain, 1,334,079 barrels of flour, thirty-nine million tons of ore, seventeen million tons of coal, nearly two million thousand feet of lumber. The lakes already make Chicago one of the greatest ports in the world—exceeded by only one in the United States. Clearances at several ports last year were as follows: Chicago, 7,865,709 tons; New York, 10,304,794 tons; Liverpool, 6,932,687 tons; London, 7,913,115 tons; Hamburg, 9,525,412 tons; Boston 2,334,917 tons; Philadelphia, 2,284,718 tons.

Transportation is the germinal principle in commerce. New avenues and facilities make their own business. For example, the United States Steel Corporation is now spending seventy-five million dollars building the largest steel plant in the world in a sandy waste at the foot of Lake Michigan. None of the factors of the steel trade was present in that barren spot—excepting only transportation. There the iron ore from Minnesota—coming by lake—and the fuel could be assembled most cheaply. As regards transportation cost, it was the point of least resistance. So it was chosen for the site of the new steel plant. Already a number of concerns are in negotiation with the Sanitary District for manufacturing sites along the canal—attracted there simply by the transportation offered.

Generous in aiding railroads that were built and managed primarily for private profit, the Government's waterways policy has been less admirable. Too often it has been stingy where it might profitably have been openhanded, and bounteous where it might profitably have been niggardly. Even now it is—or is alleged to be—prosecuting an enterprise known as the Hennepin Canal, which begins at the Illinois River below La Salle, and extends, by way of the Rock River, to the Mississippi below Rock Island. It is to be seven feet deep when completed. Just what important purpose the projectors of this enterprise expect it to accomplish is difficult to say.

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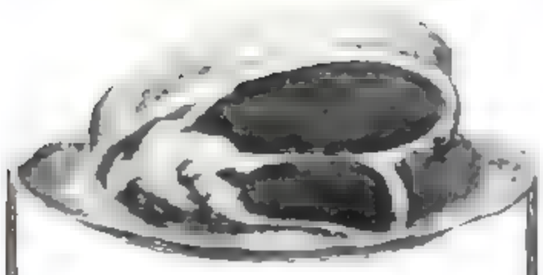

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The Government undertook it, apparently, because it would cost only a few millions — cheerfully irrespective of whether the few millions would do any good. A lakes-to-gulf plan, of course, requires a broader view. France, England and Germany have spent far more liberally for waterways than the United States has.

Freight traffic by rail, measured in ton-miles, has increased three hundred and fifty per cent. in twenty years. No one — not even the most pessimistic railroad president dreams that any practicable waterway scheme would check this growth. Many do dream that a waterway from the lakes to the gulf, suitable to modern commercial needs, would exercise a certain corrective influence upon it and stimulate new trade. I have already attempted to indicate the beneficial influence which cheap water transportation east and west has exerted. That railroad rates handicap commercial development to the south is a well-known and long-standing grievance in the Northwest. On this point the Chicago Commercial Association says:

"There is hardly a wholesale merchant or manufacturer in the West who does not find himself barred by practically prohibitory railroad freight rates from and to the territory south of the Ohio River. The people of the South are as anxious to establish trade relations with the West as the merchants of that section are to deal with them. Practically the same restrictions are placed upon the Southwest sections of the country. These barriers have been growing year by year in solidity and height until efforts to remove them have been about abandoned."

Railroad freight charges in the United States amount to about one and one-half per cent. per annum of the total wealth of the country as estimated by the Census Bureau. That is a very large figure. The only really important internal waterway that we have was practically provided by Nature. If the whole cost of making a fourteen-foot waterway from Lake Joliet, at the end of the Chicago Sanitary Canal, to the Gulf of Mexico should be met outright by an issue of Government bonds, the annual interest charge thereon might amount, say, to half what it costs to run the Public Printing Office at Washington. The Panama Canal would obviously increase the usefulness of a lakes-to-gulf waterway.

This is not in any sense a local scheme, or for the benefit of any small area. A great many people throughout the valley think that it deserves much consideration at the hands of Congress, and that obstacles arising from little private interests should be swept aside.

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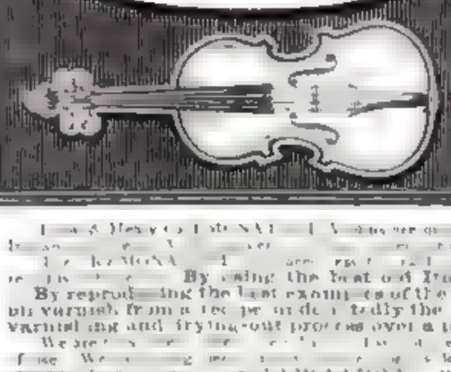

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WHICH COLLEGE FOR THE BOY?

(Continued from Page 9)

are anywhere more sumptuous and beautiful, I do not know them. Some of the houses are of picturesque Tudor half-timber, others of solid masonry. The interiors are richly and soberly furnished in mahogany, leather and heavy silk. One dining-room I saw had a vaulted ceiling, with heads of elk and moose on the walls. Almost every house has its tennis court. One chapter has an independent structure for its secret conclaves, starlike in ground plan, and with a dome so monumental that, misled by my memories of Grant's tomb, I at first took it for the mausoleum of Ezra Cornell—which proved to be far less impressive.

The boyish love of unmeaning mummery and trumped-up mystery, in which our secret societies had their origin, still persists. Some of the houses have the charters of their rivals, stolen in midnight raids into ill-guarded penetralia. It is admitted that a perusal of these reveals the childish vacuity that underlies all this miming and mystic hand-gripping; but the stolen scrolls are not restored. Quite lately one house lost its senior rocking-chairs, carved with the names of departed members, which had incautiously been left at night on the veranda. Priceless booty! If anything could destroy the impressiveness of the chapter houses, or of the life that centres in them, it would be this small-boyish—is it not rather small-girlish?—make-believe.

Curiously undemocratic, all this, and out of tune with the foundation of Ezra Cornell! It is not, as has so often been charged, that the fraternities breed a spirit of inordinate luxury. The rooms cost no more than habitable apartments elsewhere. In some of the houses the table is liberal. For the first time in my eastward wanderings in fraternity-land there were eggs and meat for breakfast, soup and fresh vegetables for dinner. But the cost, including service, was only five dollars a week. The expense of the houses has been borne by alumni. It is true, no doubt, that many fraternity men enjoy a comfort and elegance which they have not had in their own homes, and which they may not soon achieve for themselves. But it is a poor spirit that would be corrupted by the fact. What higher function has a university than to inspire one to solid and well-ordered living? The material comforts of fraternity life are only the outward expression of an inner spirit of comradeship, which is very real and potent. Each chapter is a family, and receives the bounty of its alumni in the same spirit in which one receives the hospitality of the paternal roof.

The real harm of the fraternity system is that, in intensifying the social life, it narrows it. In order to preserve the spirit of common brotherhood the chapters are limited to from twenty to twenty-five members, and, in order to keep up the standard of membership, incoming freshmen are pledged before they arrive, or are "rushed" within an inch of their lives from the moment they step off the train.

As the fraternity spirit is stronger than at Michigan, so the tendency toward a general social life is weaker, though still distinct, and highly picturesque. One of its earliest manifestations was a chapter of the T. N. E., an undergraduate fraternal organization. I am told its incidental mission in life was to ridicule the fraternities. In those days the authorities had an idea of building up a system of self-government in the student body. T. N. E., by virtue of its pull with the non-fraternity element, succeeded in swinging one of the elections, and put in power a body of men notorious as leaders in lawlessness. Their meetings were held in the favorite café, and the announcements of them in the student daily ended with the very polite request: "Members will please bring their own steins." Doctor White speaks in his autobiography in general terms of his own attempt to make the student body wisely self-governing, and adds, in still more general terms, that it did not prove successful. T. N. E. made it a business in life to ridicule the fraternities—as a result of which the leading chapters forbade their members to join. The society fell before the opposition of its two chosen enemies, the fraternities and the Faculty.

There is a junior society and a senior society, the Mummy and the Nelanda, elected on the basis of social popularity. They have no club-rooms, but meet at the favorite café. It is presumable that the members bring their own steins without exhortation. Certainly they wear the club caps. Together with the names and the traditions of the clubs, these are handed down from senior to sophomore, classes with even numbers always belonging to one society, those with odd numbers to the other. The caps are emblazoned with certain Hebrew letters, which to the vulgar view resemble Yiddish kosher-meat signs.

The most popular organization is the Savage Club, formed by members of the Glee Club who were entertained by the Savage Club, of London, at the time of Cornell's attempt at Henley. To be elected one has to be master of some manner of entertaining, and the meetings generally have the object of entertaining the actors in a company playing in Ithaca.

There are also two clubs, the Quill and Dagger and the Sphinx Head, to which men are elected on the basis of what they have accomplished for the university in the various student organizations. It is said to be their aim to take the place of the senior societies at Yale. In some minor matters they have proved efficient. They have dissuaded certain student reporters from sensationally misrepresenting the university, and have even induced a Mayor of Ithaca, a Cornell graduate, not to exploit in the college daily his plan for silencing uproarious undergraduates on their way home from social parties in the small hours. It should be added that, in spite of its reputation, Cornell is by no means intemperate—the fellows have to work too hard. When Henry, the Candy Man, was banished from the campus by the Faculty, they restored him to his ancient privilege. Also, they instituted the custom of the freshmen burning their own caps in the class bonfire. It was once proposed to increase the resemblance to the Yale senior societies by making the clubs secret, but the fraternities proved so jealous of their hold on their members that the plan was abandoned—which suggests that the senior societies are not destined to achieve the predominance of their prototypes.

The most original and picturesque student custom at Cornell is Spring Day, a festival for promoting hilarity and supporting the athletic teams. As soon as the May weather permits, the whole university turns out on the campus in carnival array. For days before the student body has been agog with anticipation.

Every morning the Cornell Sun prints some such squib as this: "President Roosevelt slipped up yesterday on his Cabinet tennis court, and, landing on his hip-pocket, broke a twenty-dollar bill. He announces that he will come to Ithaca and spend the change on Spring Day."

In a huge tent on the campus fellows from the law school convene in gowns and wigs to illustrate "how justice is dispensed with at Cornell." Outside the college wit officiates as barker. It is safer to heed his admonitions and buy a ticket, for impromptu constables make a business of haling in for public trial those who do not. A professor of the legal Faculty was once tried solemnly and in form for "busting" the presiding judge in one of his courses.

The leading student organizations vie in presenting spectacles. The Cosmopolitan Club stands at a distinct advantage. A Latin-American student, devotee of the bull-fight, rigged up a papier-mâché bull on wheels, and slew it valiantly in the orthodox manner. This was the origin of the report, made much of in South American papers, that the United States, in spite of its professed abhorrence of bloody sport, practiced bull-fighting in its universities. Another Cosmopolitan stunt was to represent a negro prize-fight with the aid of burnt cork. The great hit in connection with this was a Chinaman in gorgeous silk costume, and with the pigtail which his Emperor had permitted him to cut off when he left home securely tied in place, who announced through a megaphone: "Dass nigga plize-fight!" In the evening a musical show is given indoors with the aid of the Savages. Last spring the festival netted over two thousand dollars.

At Cornell, as at other American universities, the one great social problem centres in the non-fraternity men. In spite of the broad development of fraternities, two-thirds of the student body lodge and board

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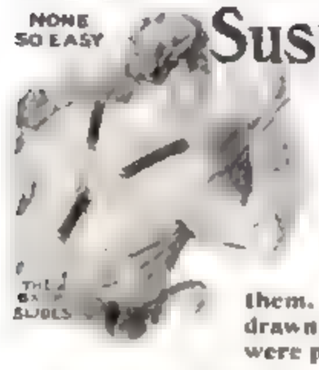

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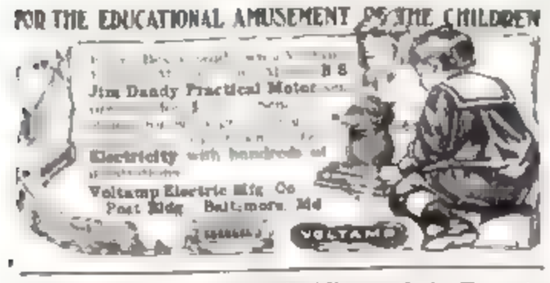

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in the town, and lead the life of small cliques. The undergraduates are aware of their necessities, and are already collecting funds for a grill-room which, located in the Y. M. C. A. building on the campus, is to serve the purposes of a Union; but the project is far less promising, even, than that at Michigan.

When I arrived at Ithaca I promised myself that I should not again have to canvass the subject of residential halls. But I soon found that Doctor White, as he records in his autobiography, had dreamed from his youth of an American university that housed its undergraduates in separate communities and in beautiful, well-ordered buildings like those of the English colleges.

Mentioning the subject to President Schurman, I found that his mind had traveled the same path independently of the experiments at Chicago and in entire ignorance of President Van Hise's projects at Wisconsin. For years he has agitated the subject in his annual reports. I quote from a report of nine years ago: "No provision is made by Cornell University for the social life of the men students. In the absence of halls of residence for students, Greek-letter fraternities have sprung up; but, cordially as those are to be welcomed, they cannot take the place of university halls, for they rest on an entirely different, and indeed antagonistic, principle. A residential hall is open to every student; a fraternity house is closed to all except the few who are invited to become members. The one is democratic, the other selective. Hence, if one looks deep enough, it will be apparent that the more fully developed the system of Greek-letter fraternities at a university, the greater is the need of residential halls. And if, in addition to such halls, there were a dining-hall in which the men from the fraternity houses and men from the public halls took their meals together, the arrangement would make for democracy and fraternity and tend to eliminate cliquishness and social sectarianism. The dream of residential halls, dining-hall, and club or common room will undoubtedly one day be fulfilled at Cornell University."

Food and Fellowship

The scheme which is here outlined lacks one feature of that contemplated at Chicago and Wisconsin. It does not provide that each hall have its own individual commons. President Schurman admitted that no agency was more powerful in developing community life and spirit than a separate gathering place for breakfasting, lunching and dining. There is an eternal and apparently inalienable connection between food and fellowship.

In one respect Cornell has a unique advantage. There is an abundance of land near the campus, of no great value, much of which is already owned by the university. Instead of a quadrangle, each hall could have an inclosed garden, with plenty of tennis courts, and even squash courts and handball courts for winter. Sloping down from the campus toward the lake and the valley is a tract which would afford a lordly view and throw the architecture of the buildings into splendid relief.

The women students already have a residential hall and commons. Otherwise, their lot is not the most fortunate. The men regard them as having "butted in" and impaired the standing of what is otherwise a typical Eastern university of first rank.

The women hold the balance of power politically, and in elections manifest the solidarity of hall life by voting in a body. It is said that the man who does not "fuss" is a political corpse.

Before elections Sage Hall is a mighty stamping ground. One candidate is said to have given every girl in his class a box of candy, and another a box of flowers. The flower man is said to have fared better; but let it be recorded to the credit of the sex that both were defeated.

It may be inferred that the determination to make the university spirit dominate the technical is mostly as yet in the air. This is not quite the case. The recently-built home for instruction in the arts and sciences, Goldwin Smith Hall, a stately Doric edifice, is one of the very few really beautiful university buildings in America.

Editor's Note — This is the fourth of a series of articles on American Colleges by Mr. Corbin. The next will appear in an early number

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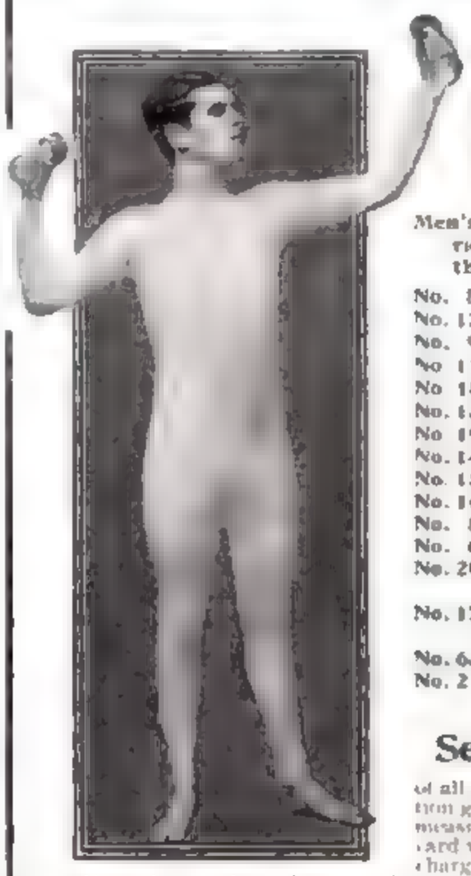

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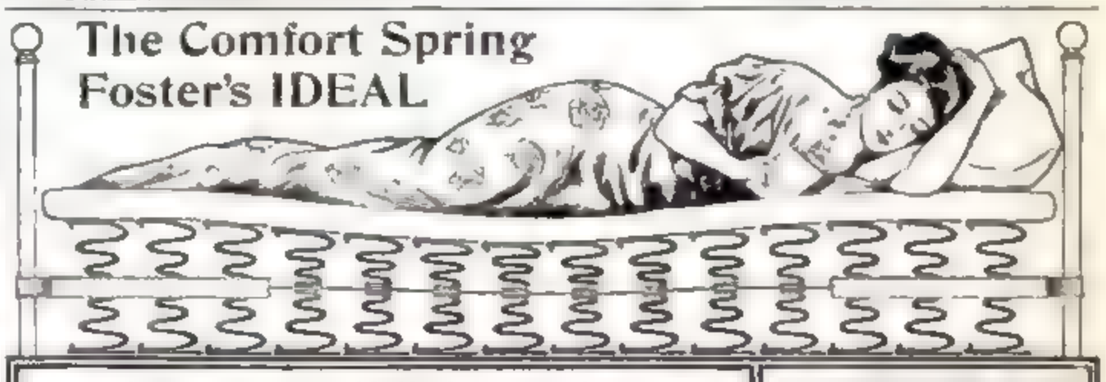

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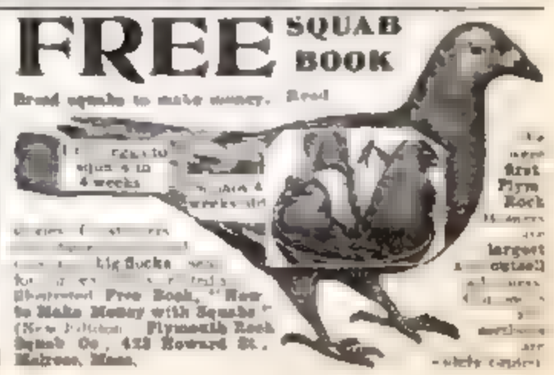

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WHEN THE FLAG FALLS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Break nothin'. Me hand's in the discard. Of course, I might go down and kick the Duke's coat-tails off, but that wouldn't do me any good with Gert. When Jim just tells her, baldlike without no explanation, that I put up a job on him it sure will scratch me as a eligible." He was silent for a time.

The bugle sounded and after a minute the horses passed us on the way to the starting-post. It was the fifth race. I suddenly remembered Reed's tip.

"Are you on Haskell?" I asked.

"Haskell? Jim Reed's dope? Not the same. I wouldn't bet a bean to a billion on anything he gimme. Didn't I just tell you he was a snake? Well, maybe you think it'd just tickle him to death for me to win so much on Haskell I'd have to take it home in a hay-wagon?"

Having nothing at stake we watched the running of the race without any particular interest. Haskell won easily. Then Batty turned to me in frank surprise.

"Well, *the* goat!" he exclaimed.

"It looks as if we gave Reed credit for intentions that he didn't have," I suggested. "Perhaps, he really intended to do you a favor when he tipped Haskell?"

"Beau, you're a come-on," Batty responded promptly. "First thing I know you'll be sproutin' chin whiskers. Why, you talk about Jim Reed like he was a human bein'. I'm here to tell you he's more sorts o' a yellow pup than you can count two days runnin'."

Again we were both silent—dolefully silent. I was still trying to reach a solution of the predicament which Batty faced. And, finally, I had an inspiration.

"You promised Chatterton not to say anything of that affair to Miss Reed?" I asked after a while.

"Or anybody else," Batty added. "Of course, you don't count."

"And you wouldn't break that promise?"

"Quit your kiddin', Beau! You know I wouldn't."

"Well, I haven't promised anything," I remarked casually.

"Nope. You're not supposed to know anything."

"Well, just leave it to me," I advised.

"On the level, can you square it?" Batty demanded. "What's the game?"

"In court," I replied judicially, "it would be termed a technical evasion of the spirit of the law."

"Geel That sounds fierce!"

"I'll fix it," I insisted hopefully.

"Well, say, Beau," and Batty was suddenly cheerful again, "I guess that ain't no onion you got on your shoulders, is it? It's a head with real works in it. Beau, if you'll fix it right—I'll—I'll ——"

Batty's hand sought mine and found it.

That evening I called upon Miss Reed at the hotel where she lived. Now, I had never qualified for the diplomatic service, but I was hopeful. She received me frigidly. My ideas were all frozen stiff in process of ebullition.

"Is your father here?" I inquired, stupidly enough.

"No," she replied. "If you want to see him ——"

"I want to see you," I interposed firmly.

"Really?" she asked, in feigned surprise and with an uplifting of her brows. "But, if Mr. Logan sent you, I ——"

"Your father told you, then?"

Her face went scarlet.

"Really, there ain't nothin' that ——"

"He told you some things," I went on mercilessly, "but he didn't tell you all."

"He told me enough," she retorted passionately.

"For his purpose," I added. "If you'll just listen a moment, Miss Reed, I'll ——"

"Really, then, you'll have to hurry," she said in chilling resignation. "I'm expectin' Mr. Chatterton any minute."

Volunteer diplomatists always get into deep water. I was in over my head at the start. I began at the wrong end.

"Your father told you that Batty made some misrepresentations about Mr. Chatterton, didn't he?"

She nodded.

"He didn't tell you why?"

"It wasn't necessary."

The open door was darkened by the figure of a man and I turned to find myself facing Mr. Chatterton in person. A smile of delighted anticipation was swept off his face, obliterated, as if by an artist's touch. He clasped Miss Reed's hand doubtfully. There was an embarrassed pause as he sat down, and I took the bit in my teeth.

"I was just telling Miss Reed a queer little story," I remarked desperately. "It's about a young man, a clerk in an office downtown somewhere. Incidentally he carried the keys to the cash drawer."

The girl was listening tensely; a flush slowly mounted Chatterton's pallid face.

"Strange thing about it was that this young clerk and another young man were both in love with the same girl," I continued. "But the clerk was a thief—yes, stole three or four hundred dollars from the cash drawer, and —— "

Miss Reed caught her breath sharply and stared straight into my eyes. I didn't look at Chatterton, nor did she.

"Only three or four hundred dollars," I went on. "He lost some of it at the race-track and spent some of it foolishly. For some reason he told the other young man about it. The other young man, generously enough, invented a plan by which the clerk was able to pay back what he had stolen under an agreement that the clerk was to let racing alone, and, incidentally, let the girl alone. Then, in order to convince her that the clerk was unworthy, without admitting to her that he was a thief, the girl was permitted to believe that the clerk was married. Isn't that a singular story?"

Chatterton's hands were working nervously; his face was crimson.

Miss Reed arose. I expected an outburst of some sort, but it didn't come. Instead, she looked at Chatterton for just an instant, then came over and offered me her hand.

"Good-night," and she smiled a sad little smile. "Mr. Chatterton, you'll have to excuse me. I'm sufferin' from a bad headache. Good-night."

The door opened and closed as she went out. Chatterton stood staring at me with an expression that almost made me sorry for him. Then he, too, went out.

IV

BATTY LOGAN was despondent. It was evident by the manner in which he wore his cap, by the settled seriousness of his face, by the hopeless droop of the everlasting black cigar in his mouth. From the rail he and I surveyed the restless surging sea of color in the grandstand for the tenth time. The line of boxes was brilliant with bright-hued gowns and nodding millinery—brilliant save in one spot, where an unoccupied box made a gap.

That box had been unoccupied for three days now. Batty had religiously reserved it each day, but had not gone near it. The magnet was gone. Neither Jim Reed nor his daughter had been visible at the track since the afternoon of the day I called upon her. Why, I didn't know. But on this third day Batty had been convinced that the girl would reappear. The first, second and third races passed, and still the box was empty.

"Well, Beau, I guess you fixed it all right," Batty grumbled at last. "Fixed it so she never will come no more."

"Well, at least she understands the situation," I assured him. "And Chatterton understands it, too."

"Beau, don't mention the Duke to me. I'm liable to bite your ear off. It makes me rancid. I reckon Jim gimme the harpoon harder'n I thought he did."

"Perhaps, Reed has gone West and taken her with him?" I suggested.

Batty stared at me blankly for a minute, then shook his head. He turned and gazed gloomily down the yellow, swerving track. A stable boy slouched along through the crowd and touched him on the arm. Batty turned inquiringly.

"The mare goes to-morrow," said the boy.

"Is she good?" asked Batty.

"She done seven furlongs in twenty-three an' a fifth at her work-out this mornin'," the boy replied.

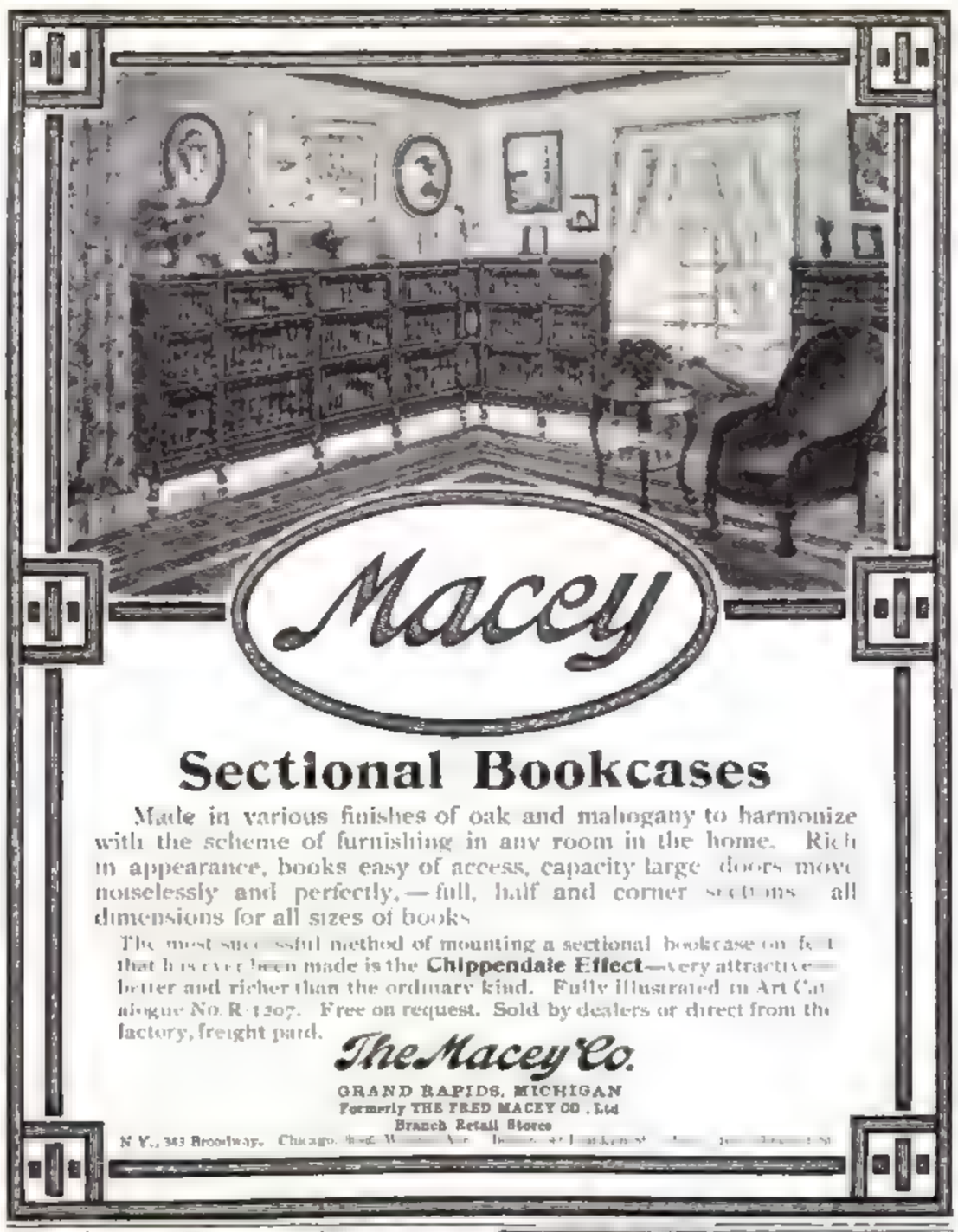
Batty looked at him thoughtfully and whistled.

"How far does she go to-morrow?"

"Mile an' a quarter."

"She up to it?"

"Come in on the bit this mornin'," said the boy. "She'll win."



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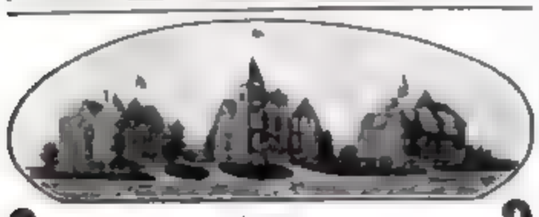

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"Well, sonny, I'll just have to shy on a ten-spot for you," said Batty magnanimously. "I guess you wouldn't like about forty dollars worth o' pie, would you? I guess, maybe—Jim Reed, or I'll eat my hat!"

Batty shoved the boy aside as Reed came up to us.

"Where's Gert?" Batty panted fiercely.

Reed regarded him for a moment with a taunting, sneering smile.

"My daughter hasn't been very well for a few days," he explained. "She'll be down to-morrow with Chatterton. And speaking of Chatterton," Reed went on, "reminds me that he asked me to take up a check of his you hold."

"Jim, do you see any chin whiskers on me face?" Batty was staring straight into Reed's eyes. "That check can't be took up."

"Oh, of course, if you don't want the money, it doesn't matter," Reed said easily. "By the way, Lord John is worth a good bet in the first race to-morrow."

But Lord John didn't figure in Batty's calculations on the morrow. He explained why to me.

"I scared all the birds off their roost gettin' down here this mornin early enough to see the mare—Blue Bell—work out an' get a line on her. An' Beau, she's a bushel o' pippins. She done six furlongs easy in time that'd make your hair curl. She's right up to it."

"What race is she in?" I asked.

"The first, along with Lord John."

"By the way, what about Lord John?"

"That's Jim's way o' tryin' to hand me a lemon," Batty explained. "Lord John's a goat, a three-legged freight car, a never-was, a yellow pup. It's Blue Bell all the way. I'm goin' to get on with all four feet."

The odds on Blue Bell were good at the start—seven to two—so it happened that, when Batty left the betting-ring, he left with the bookies something like eight thousand dollars. Lord John was an equal favorite with Rose Bow. Frankly, I was skeptical about Blue Bell.

"Aw, come on," Batty urged. "It's a cinch. Easy as beatin' a baby with a mallet—Blue Bell to win."

But I only traded with a small bet, enough to make my blood jump a little. Then Batty and I went out in front of the grandstand. He glanced eagerly at the box where Miss Reed usually sat, but it was vacant. The horses danced past on parade, then lined up directly in front of us for the start on their mile and a quarter.

Twice Batty glanced back at the box, but it was still vacant. Now, the starter was on the stand shouting terse, rapid instructions at the wriggling line of horses; the flag was raised high, and there was the dead silence which always precedes its fall. Then came a noise in the box behind us, a rustle of skirts, and Batty whirled. I glanced back, too. Miss Reed, her father and Chatterton were just taking seats.

Regardless of what he had at stake, Batty scuttled off toward the stairway, just a few feet away. I followed, and, together, we were caught in the whirling, swirling crowd and held prisoners.

"*They're off!*"

The neck-craning crowd gave way slowly to Batty, and in a moment more we were ascending the steps. Straight to the box he went, without even a glimpse at the flying horses. Reed, Chatterton and the girl turned as he flung open the gate.

"Well, Jim, it's a show-down," Batty announced, in a tone which surprised me by its absolute calm. "Here we all are. Lay down your cards. Leave it to the girl. Gert, how about it? Jim told you I lied when I told you the Duke had a wife. I did."

For just an instant the girl continued to gaze into her father's face and gradually it softened. Then intuitively she turned with a queer little cry and extended both hands to Batty.

"Batty!" she said softly.

He whirled upon me.

"Did you hear what she said, Beau?" he demanded triumphantly. "Did you hear what she said?"

I nodded. Twenty thousand throats were splitting in a frenzied shriek: "Lord John wins! Lord John wins!"

"I was afraid of Blue Bell, Batty," I remarked consolingly.

He stared at me blankly.

"Blue Bell? Oh, yes," he exclaimed after a moment. "But did you hear what Gert said, Beau? Did you hear what she said?"

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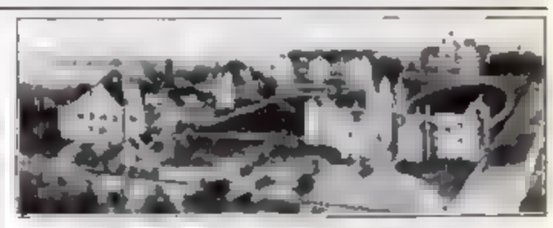

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AB'S FOOLISH FRANKNESS

(Concluded from Page 5)

but when it comes noon the next day he hadn't heard nothin' from her; so, tords evenin', he 'lowed he'd go an' see her.

"He seen her, all right. She was right out on the porch in plain sight—an' so was that ganglin', slabsided, two-fisted, gallus-actin' Lute Buchanan. Their chairs were so clost together they rubbed the paint off, an' they seemed to be havin' a purt' tol'able good time, judgin' by the way they laffed when Ab come up.

"'Howdy?' says Ab, makin' the best of it; 'fine evenin'.'

"'Be-utiful evenin',' says Vibilia.

"'Fine weather fer walkin',' says Lute.

"'It is fer them whose laigs is extry long, maybe,' says Ab. 'Mine ain't only av'ridge.'

"'They don't look over an' above strong, that's a fact,' says Lute.

"'They're tol'able dependable,' says Ab. 'So's my hands, if you come to that.'

"'If they ain't, he can make out with his teeth,' Vibilia puts in.

"Ab got up. 'I'll bid you both good-evenin',' he says. 'I'd ask Mr. Buchanan to come with me a piece o' the way, on'y fer deprivin' you of his serciety.'

"'Prob'ly have to send a wagon fer what was left of you; so I'll put it off,' says Lute.

"'Be keerful not to get more gravel in your shoe, Ab,' calls Vibilia.

"'There's good-by to five thousand dollars, six Holstein cows, an' forty acres o' good bottom land,' says Ab to himself, despairin'-like. 'But, if I hadn't told her, Mis' Kerby would. I reckon I'll go an' see Annette,' he says to himself. So he circled around an' steered for Paddon's, but, bein' nachally keerful, he went in by the back yard, and there, sure enough, was Annette, tyin' up the trumpet vine.

"She had her sleeves rolled 'way up, an' Ab took notice how round an' white her arms was an' what cunnin' leetle dimples there was in her elbows. Right at that minit he didn't care a cuss whether Vibilia ever come around or not, or how many cows she had.

"'Want to lemme help you?' he says.

"Annette turned around, an' when she seen who it was she looked plum' tickled to death, which Ab hadn't expected.

"'I thought you was mad at me,' he says.

"'Mad at you, Ab?' she says. 'Why, whatever made you think sech a thing as that?' Same time she colored up.

"By gol! She looked so sweet it was jest a mite too much fer Ab. He made a grab an' caught her around the waist. That was as far as he got that time, fer she twisted loose an' swung one o' them round white arms of hers an' landed on the side of his face.

"'You git right out o' here, Mr. Ab Calloway,' she says, pantin'; an' Ab, standin' there with the prints of her fingers showin' white on the tan of his cheek, seen that she meant it. He couldn't figger out no partickler reason, but there wa'n't no doubt about it in his mind, so he c'ncluded to do the way she wanted.

"He'd got down the street as far's the post-office, meditatin' on matters an' things, when he run, bump, ker-smack inter Mis' Nance Kerby. 'Where you goin' to, Ab?' she says, ketchin' him by the sleeve. 'I hain't seen you in a dog's age.'

"'You seen me yest'd'y, didn't you?' says Ab.

"'Why, I can't complain,' she says. 'I might be better an' I might be wuss.'

"'You did see me yest'd'y?' says Ab.

"'A shillin' a dozen, when I've got any,' she says.

"'What's the matter with you, Mis' Kerby?' asks Ab.

"'You'd better talk a leetle louder, Ab,' she says; 'I kain't skasely hear you. I caught a cold in my head las' week, an' I ain't heerd real well ever sence. You wait till I git my mail,' an' she dodged into the post-office.

"Ab didn't wait fer her to come out. He moved on down the street until he met Jim Allen's dog, that come up waggin his tail. 'Don't ye think it, durn you!' Ab says, an' aimed a kick at him that if the dog hadn't dodged would have sent him through the hardware store winder.

"As it was, Ab threw his knee-cap out o' place. They picked him up an' carried him inter Doc Ammerman's office.

"'How'd you do it, Ab?" Doc asks.

"Ab groaned. 'Tryin' to be honest an' straightforrud an' tell the truth,' he says."

Looking Ahead for FURNACE Comfort

BUYING A FURNACE is not like buying a winter coat. You can't wait until cold weather to think about heating your house. The keynote of comfort in the home during the frosted days and nights is *clean, even* heat. You get both in the *Underfeed* and for *less* money than other heating costs, as

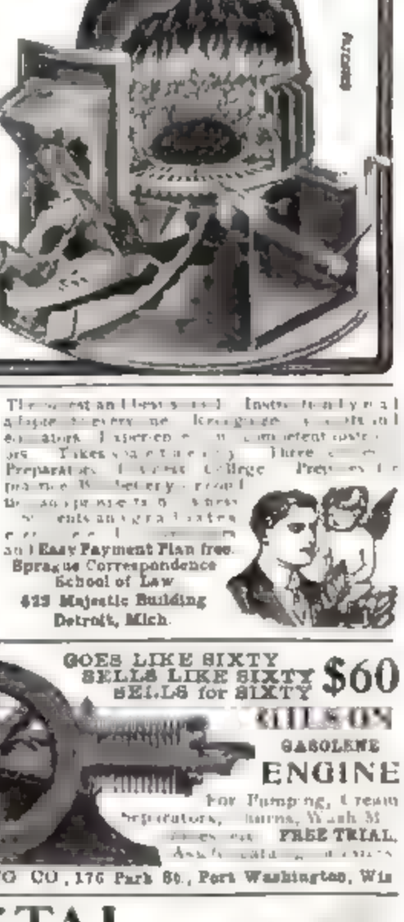
The Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace

Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills

This is easily figured out. The Underfeed gets as much heat out of *cheapest* grade slack as *highest* grade coal will yield. YOU save the difference.

Thousands have voiced and written praises of the Underfeed. THE INTERIOR, the leading Presbyterian publication of the West, says:

"Many decades of experience and observation are crowned by the latest product of American inventive genius in the celebrated PECK-WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED FURNACE. There is little danger of substitutes with it, because there is none other at all like it. By a unique arrangement (the coal is fed from below, and the fire is on top), every pound of coal is made potential, and cheap coal can be made to furnish heat that would do credit to the most costly anthracite. The fire is easily controlled and requires only occasional attention, and fuel bills are reduced in marvelous fashion. Nor is the furnace costly to begin with. The Peck-Williamson Company, which is one of the leading manufacturing concerns in Cincinnati, and has a high reputation throughout the country, will gladly furnish complete information, including voluntary statements from users probably in your own vicinity. You will find this information worth while. Now is the time to make sure of next winter's comfort!"



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Laitner's FLEXIBLE Bath and MASSAGE BRUSH reaches and rubs where no other brush can. Every bath a stimulating massage of the entire body. Simply fold and you have a perfect Flexible Hand Brush. Made of pure bristle, wire fastened, no sectional backs. Use wet or dry. Every brush guaranteed.

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This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States.

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WRITE FOR CATALOG

WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

FROM THE REEF

(Continued from Page 13)

himself operated. The crew, with servants, was twenty-six.

Harling looked down at the dots and dashes which his automatic register had recorded upon the tape. Well—there was the story.

Of the girl with the clear-cut, straight features? No; the tape told nothing of her. How did she act when the boat went to pieces? And did she, then, turn to this trembling, tape-chattering one whom she had last chosen? Or did she ——?

Harling looked at the last of those newspaper portraits. How did he, Sammers, act? His features had little of the refinement and the developed culture of the other man's face; but his features, though they were broader and less finely cut, were straighter, and his chin and lips set firmly. Oh, of course, in the silence of the resonators concerning him it was easy to imagine that ——

"Ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap!" the resonators were ringing steadily. The first start of hope which startled Harling forward dropped him back limply.

"M MM M M," it registered itself mechanically upon his mind. It must be some private call of some other ship; for the sound and "feel" of the sending hand was far different, too. It was firm and steady, and upon this vessel there was no panic.

But "Ta-ap, ta-ap!" it kept coming. "M M M M!"

"Ta-ap, ta-ap!" "M M!" No: "A A!" Harling shouted crazily. "A A! A A!"

Mechanically his mind had taken it in the code he had been using—the Continental, which wrote it in senseless Ms upon his mind; but in the burst of his returning alertness, "A A!" it came. "The Navy code! The general call in the Navy code, of course! The Navy code!"

"Mongolian!" the roar of his answering spark behind him subdued his excitement for the moment. Of course a hundred ships might call in the Navy code; and why should the Irvessa?

"Irv," he spelled, with the sweat breaking out again—"essa," spelled the taps in the Navy code. "The Irvessa!" he cried. He took down the bridge telephone.

"Captain!" he shouted. "Captain! Harling. I've the Irvessa again, sir!"

"Look!" he cried, pointing at the tape and forgetful of his transcription as the captain again stood dripping over him. "The Irvessa, sir. It's not the same one—not Pickney sending, sir; for it's in the Navy code, and, besides ——"

Steadily and firmly, and without chatter and tremor, the message was coming in.

"And, besides, this one's no regular operator, sir; he's just picked it up. But he—keeps his nerve! Listen, sir. He's been saying, 'Irvessa is aground on reef probably within thirty-five miles of you getting message. Storm centre passing direct northeast us. Heaviest lightning ten miles northeast by east. There is big break clouds now, directly east.'"

The Mongolian's spark roared out:

"Storm centre southwest us, lightning by west. We can see break south by west. Are steering southwest by west to find you. How long can you last?"

"'Maybe half-hour,'" the tape spelled.

"We cannot make better than twelve knots," the Mongolian's spark roared out mercilessly at the captain's nod. "Cannot reach you within two hours, even steering direct for you. Have you lifeboats? Where was that lightning?"

"'Two! East by north.'"

"Guide us by 'wireless' long as can, then take to boats. Take rockets on boats."

"'Lifeboats left yacht ten minutes ago!'" Harling read—"'during break in communication. Each carries fourteen persons. I—they started with rockets,'" the tape corrected itself as Harling read, "'but are using them already.

"'First boat must have used all,'" Harling took up the reading again; "'second almost.'" It stopped a moment more. "'They now seem understand from direction my searchlight you coming from northeast. Their lights seem moving toward you. Fear all rockets gone, but they have lanterns. Depend only upon lanterns.'"

"Who are you?" the Mongolian demanded, as it changed course slightly. "How many crew stayed with you?"

"'One. All needed for dynamos. Have oil fuel; dynamo-room well protected. He can keep current for "wireless" and searchlight long as we hold at all.'"

"Who are you? Keep signaling. Are altering our resistance prove distance from you and directness approach. Keep signaling. Who are you?"

"'Irvessa; owner E. H. Pickney, San Francisco. Skipper Adrian,'" Harling read monotonously as the tapper spelled with patient obedience, "'from Manila to San Francisco, with Pickney, Mrs. H. T. Durant, Miss Durant, Sammers, Lieutenant and crew twenty-six. Caught this storm two days ago, just beyond Marshall Islands. Been out of reckoning since we . . . struck submerged reef bow on,'" the tapping proceeded steadily; "'heavy sea driving, signaled two hours before caught you, almost immediately then sea pounded off stern, swinging rest broadside, but both lifeboats got away safely,'" it went on evenly. "'Have pointed searchlight your direction and believe them trying make for you.'"

"Who are you?" the Mongolian repeated its question patiently again. "Answer. Do you get this?"

"'Get you,'" the tapper replied at once. "'Second storm seems gathering southwest here,'" the answer continued, and more rapidly, but as evenly. Far off the Mongolian, too, felt the storm in the southwest gather fresh head. "'Be upon us in moment!'" The nature of the tapping told well why the sender had no time now for personalities. "'We probably shall not last it, but both boats should. They are now over mile due east here. Look for them both on line, due east you make this position being, but don't expect them together. The farthest now almost two miles off, but other seems trying stay near, I believe, to pick us up, but is being driven far off. New storm head now almost directly over us,'" the direction came as impassively as the "'lightning ten miles to the north'" had come. "'Remember boats due east have lanterns only.'"

The tapping had come to an ordered end. In the sudden clear and lull which goes before the detonation of the heavens, the young operator and the officer looked at each other helplessly. Far off on his black reef, the man who had been speaking to them so steadily and impassionately through his danger had now said his last plain, practical words and had closed his key orderly to face his death.

The boy's lips twitched as he sat at his useless key. The captain had turned away and was gazing out ahead where the new storm was gathering itself for its swoop upon the sea surface. The boy picked up the illustrated newspaper which he had dropped, and looked carefully again at the face of the third picture there. Then, reaching quietly to his key, he touched it assuredly.

"Sammers!" his recognition flashed simply, convincingly over the sea. "Sammers!" he repeated his simple tribute.

He strained tensely; and, yes, his lip dropped and he fell away in disappointment, for the other was acknowledging it. But no!

"'First boat shows three lanterns'"—it was merely the forgotten, but essential, detail which came; "'the second, one. Three lanterns, mile and half east; slightly north, one lantern. I think, women in first with Pickney, but in confusion sh—Miss Durant may be in second boat. Crew was evenly divi ——'"

In the midst of the word, this time, the record had ceased and the tape of the automatic register unrolled blank. That was all.

"Cra-ash!" the Mongolian's spark roared as Harling sprang upon his key. "Cra-ash!" it burst desperately. "Irvessa!" it called. "Irvessa! Sammers! Sammers! Irvessa!"

But from the great, swirling, black, blue-shot hell where the storm had broken anew the wild blasts beat back the futile little coil currents, played with them, tangled and destroyed them.

The captain had sprung to his bridge. Beneath him, Harling felt the great Mongolian shudder and falter; and then, as it crouched, trembling, suddenly it gathered itself again and sprang at the waves. For an instant, as it leaped, the vibration which jarred all through told that the screws had broken spray at the stern and the engines were racing. Then the stern sank deep again, caught the sea and pushed sturdily forward.

More Openings for Trained Ad Writers

$1,200.00 to $6,000.00 Yearly with Greater Prospects than ever in a Growing business.

HOUSTON, Texas, May 2, 1907.
Mr. GEO. H. POWELL, New York City.
Dear Sir:—No doubt it will prove interesting when I tell you that, though I have only finished the 14th lesson of your course in advertising, I have prepared several ads that were published in the *Houston Post*, and proved good. I knew nothing of ad writing before commencing your course, and this alone tends to show the practical instruction I have received.
I am certainly glad that I chose the Powell System instead of another, as I can already see that I have made a good investment and a step in the right direction.
Your lessons are very much to the point, well explained, and nothing is left to the imagination.
I also want to thank you for the personal interest you have taken in me when criticising my work. Yours very truly,
ISADOR TIRAS, 1510 Walker.

Every ambitious young man and woman who wants to get ahead in the world, and out of the dull grind of poorly paid routine work, will be interested in this continuous stream of *genuine, resultful* testimony which shows what a splendid work I am performing.

Not "China Nest Egg" testimony without address or date, but the kind that admits of rigid investigation.

If you let me mail you my two free books—elegant Prospectus and "Net Results"—you will readily grasp the situation and understand why my methods stand 100 per cent. with the authorities—and why my graduates win out. For the free books address me

GEORGE H. POWELL, 589 Metropolitan Annex, New York

Every great expert and publisher will privately tell you that the Powell System is the "only one to take."

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., July 6, 1907.
Mr. GEORGE H. POWELL, New York.
Dear Sir:—Your last lesson received and I wish to thank you for your expert coaching and criticism throughout my course, which was always concise and to the point.
Two weeks after commencing the Powell System I began to write ads for my employer, and with your valuable instruction, I could see wonderful improvement in my ads each week, and I now feel competent to "tackle" all kinds of publicity. You certainly taught me to write the "result getting" ads—not the "beating-around-the-bush" and the "meaningless" sort, but the kind that "hits the bulls eye."
Thanking you again for past favors, I remain,
Very respectfully, J. P. WHITE.
With W. C. LEONARD & CO.
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Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most practical and popular bowling game in existence. It will make big money in any town. These alleys pay from $25.00 to $65.00 each, per week. This is no gambling device, but a splendid bowling game for amusement and physical exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes.

Quickly installed, conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. More than 3,000 already sold. We sell on payments and our catalog is free. *Write for catalog.*

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, Patentees, 1302 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Harling caught his breath evenly again and settled back; but, as quickly, he was panting again and he rose in his seat.

"Tap, ta-ap!" his resonator was sounding. "Tap!" he recognized it surely now and tingled all over, with the blood pricking in his veins.

"Cra-ash!" Harling filled his spark gap with the crackling blue current, released it quickly and held it long again. "Cra-ash!" he answered. Spontaneously he noted that the tape was registering again.

"'See reflection your searchlight, I think, on clouds due northeast,'" Harling read from the tape. "'Both boats'"—he put the receivers to his ears and read the taps as they went on—"'lived out that blow. See lights of both due east. Steer south southwest for them. Do not expect my light or further direction. We must go very soon; sea very high. You could not approach reef, anyway. The boats . . .'"

"That was our light!" Harling's spark interrupted. "We are well within ten miles. Storm hit us six minutes after you! We will reach you very soon. Can't you hold . . ."

He had stopped the roar behind him to answer the call from the bridge.

"'. . . do not attempt . . .'" had come in on the tape. But:

"We see your light!" Harling's spark roared back. "We have cannon for shotline aboard, and we . . ."

"'Are breaking now,'" the answer interrupted and Harling paused a moment to take it. "'Do not try reach us at all!'" it rang like a command. "'Boats have twenty-eight; here are two. See you plainly now, but have just lost the boats due east. Steer south—steer south. Have you . . .'"

"Have sighted one boat!"

"'How many lanterns?'"

"Three."

"'Good. That first. Have you sighted other? Should be mile half due west other. Have you sighted?'"

"Make out fourteen in boat. All apparently well."

"'Good. Have you sighted other? Do you make out women?'"

"Will have them in instant."

"'The women? . . . Answer, Mongolian! Do you make out women? . . . Answer! Do you make women in boat sighted? Have you sighted other?'"

"We are taking them on. All are safe."

"'Were women in that boat? Have you sighted other?'"

"One woman being taken on first. She is safe. Have not yet sighted other boat."

"'Then she—other woman is in other boat. Do not give it up. Use searchlight. They may have lost lantern.'"

"Have taken off Mrs. Durant, Pickney and twelve crew. All safe."

"'Have you sighted other boat?'"

"We are looking for it."

"'Do not give it up. Remember, had but one lantern. You must pick them up by searchlight. Have you sighted them?'"

"We are looking."

"'Stop where now are and search. They cannot be nearer than that. Were in almost line with first boat and here. Stop and search there.'"

"We are searching."

"'Why are you coming on? Have you sighted them?'"

"Are looking for them."

"'You are not!'" the tapper gave the lie direct coolly. "'You are trying to come here. Boat would have been driven beyond your position. Do not give it up! Is absolutely useless to come here. Have you sighted it?'"

"'Boat must be stern you, I say!'" the tapper rapped angrily to Harling, a moment later, as he did not answer. "'Do not waste time trying come here; hopeless. Look longer for that boat! Keep looking!'"

"We are coming up to lee reef. Will fire line over you. Do you understand? Irvessa!" the Mongolian's spark exploded quicker. "Irvessa! Do you understand? Call! Call! Call! Call!" it suddenly cried anxiously.

"'What?'" the tapper asked shortly, after an instant.

"Your light is out! Show a light!"

"'I put it out,'" the resonator replied coolly. "'I told you useless come here; and don't give up that boat!'" it proceeded. "'You cannot do anything here. Search for that boat!'"

"Show your light!" the Mongolian commanded angrily. "Show your light. Irvessa! Sammers!" it blustered. "Show your light."

Ahead the searchlights of the Mongolian swept the empty waters. "Show your light!" the spark roared again. "Sammers," it changed to appeal again. "Remember man with you! Now show your light!"

"'He stayed with me!'" the tapper answered defiantly. "'Was getting in second boat and got out to stay and save those you are now giving up. Have not seen him, but I know answer for him, too. We will not show light till you find that boat. Do you see it?'"

Harling twisted helplessly at his key. He had tried to keep it back, but the other had forced it. He was angry enough to send it now, anyway.

"Pickney reports second boat capsized. Disappeared and overturned just before we picked them up. We have searched, but found nothing. Now show your light."

"'It would not sink,'" the answer returned at once. "'They would cling to it. More reason to search now. Look for them!'"

"From reported condition, is hopeless; but can save you. Show. Irvessa! Irvessa!"

Weak from the strain, Harling sank back after his calls.

"The fool!" he whispered softly.

But ahead and under the bridge was a commotion. Almost under its bow, the Mongolian had stumbled upon the second lifeboat, with lantern and oars gone, but still upright and with its crew clinging to its seats.

Taking it to lee, the great ship swung around and, as the ropes were flung down, a hundred hands pulled the survivors to the deck.

Back to his key as the last man was pulled aboard, Harling took up his receivers again mechanically. He had seen and noted each clearly as they were taken over the side, and there were no women among the rescued from that boat.

Then, the resonators sprung to life again.

"'Have you found them?'" the tapping was demanding. "'You stopped.'"

"We found them," Harling cut it short.

"'Was she . . .'" The captain entered.

The boy appealed to the other, "Shall I tell him now?"

"Tell him!" The captain bent over the younger one kindly. "Look. There's another blow coming—so tell him that we saved *fourteen* from the first boat, *fourteen* from the second!"

His own sending spark answered him. "Cra-ash! Cra-a-ash!"

"She is with you!" Harling was volleying madly now in his race with the storm. "All rest saved. She one stayed!"

White and clear, even through the lightning, the bright glare of a searchlight blazed out ahead.

"He got it!" Harling cried.

Cracking and swaying as the sea tore apart the last wreck of the yacht upon the reef, the light winked and was gone.

The Mongolian's searchlights now bore upon the wreck and showed it in plain view. Sea after sea broke above it and washed down, sweeping it clear; but up where the reef held the bowsprit highest something was moving.

A thousand yards to lee, then five hundred, and at last scarce two, the great liner stopped and merely held steerage-way. A moment the wind fell and before it rose again, a shot shrieked off from the bow and the coil of the lifeline leaped from the deck. On the bow of the Irvessa, the self-moving things there flung themselves upon the rope-marked path of the shot and, binding themselves together, jumped into the sea.

With the wash of the waves sending slack to the line as it was pulled, the rope's burden came alongside; and for an instant then, as they touched the liner's side, the sea was merciful.

Numb to senselessness and bruised, but still breathing, the sea gave them up.

"She will live now!" The doctor put out his hand to restrain the struggle of the one whom the captain had revived beside her.

But, as she opened her eyes and passing by the faces of those that bent over her and turned to the one beside her, that one sprang up and caught her to him, and as she tried to raise her head to his he bent over and pressed his lips against hers before he fell back into the arms of those behind him, and he gave her to the others to be carried below.

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Specify **Kahn System** *— You will if you investigate.*
The United States Government has given substantial endorsement to the **Kahn System** *in over 20 buildings erected at West Point, Annapolis, and Washington.*

If you plan to build—investigate the practical advantages and economies of the **Kahn System** of construction—absolutely fireproof, eliminates maintenance cost, reduces insurance, saves time in building, grows in strength and quality with age.

The **Kahn System** is a method of building based on organized engineering skill, experience, and facilities for meeting every requirement, industrial or structural, in the most efficient and economical way.

Investigate. Your interests are greater than ours—your money—your investment is concerned. Find out. Know what the KAHN SYSTEM of construction means—that it operates in accord with your architect, engineer and contractor without extra cost to you. Why not profit by this combined knowledge and experience?

What the **Kahn System** can do for you depends on your needs—write us giving particulars—it costs nothing to investigate.

(Our Bulletin "A Record of Results" giving names, location, names of architects and contractors of hundreds of **Kahn System** buildings sent on request.)

After thorough investigation the Packard Motor Car Co. of Detroit built their first **Kahn System** building three years ago. Each year new buildings have been added until today their "**Kahn System** Plant," here illustrated, embraces upward of ten acres of factory floor space. The Packard Co. give the following reasons for their belief in the **Kahn System** of concrete construction:

"**First:** You get the best fireproof conditions.
"**Second:** You avoid the delay of waiting for steel and work proceeds immediately and expeditiously and without the disturbance of riveting.
"**Third:** The shop light conditions are much better with the **Kahn System** of concrete construction."

The imposing Packard Garage in New York City, corner of Broadway and 61st Street, is also built **Kahn System.**

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View of the Packard Automobile Plant—A convincing endorsement of the **Kahn System.**

If request is made on your letter head, a copy of "The Typical Factory," an elaborate book describing the Pierce "Factory Behind the Car," will be sent free. Write for copy of "Mills and Factories," and Bulletin No. 5, "What Reinforced Concrete Is."

Trussed Concrete Steel Company

LONDON, ENG. **84 Congress Street, DETROIT** TORONTO, CAN.

"Kahn System Standards" is the title of our new handbook of practical calculations and application of reinforced concrete. It is the most complete textbook yet issued on the subject. Price postpaid $1.50.

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Floors, Interior Woodwork, Weather-Beaten Doors, Chairs, Tables, Andirons, Gas Fixtures and a thousand other things can be kept looking like new by the use of JAP-A-LAC.

Get a can today, of any color you desire, and prove to yourself the wonderful results it produces

For Sale by Paint, Hardware, and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to $2.50

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If your dealer offers you a substitute, say to him: "No, thank you; I want what I asked for. Good bye." Trade with the dealer who gives you what you ask for. That's JAP-A-LAC.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

If building, write for our complete Finishing Specifications. They will be mailed free. Our Architectural Green Label Varnishes are of the highest quality.

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If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 25c (except for Gold, which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample, ¼quarter pint can) to any point in the U. S.

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Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

Most imitations and substitutes for the genuine are offered at college centers. Therefore be sure the pen you purchase is marked **"Waterman's Ideal"** and guaranteed so by the dealer. All reliable dealers sell the genuine.

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Chiclets

Chiclets! Chiclets! Chiclets!

You can't say Chiclets too often and if your neighborhood Druggist or Confectioner can't supply you with this dainty pearl-gray, candy-covered chewing gum when you ask for it, write to us and we'll send you a packet for a dime. The better kind of stores sell Chiclets in 5c and 10c packets and in little bags at a nickel an ounce.

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Protect Yourself Against Imposition Some dealers may offer you something which they say is "the same as" DIOXOGEN. It is not the same. Don't be imposed on. Always ask for DIOXOGEN. Demand the original sealed package bearing the name DIOXOGEN. Imitations of DIOXOGEN have a disagreeable odor, turn rank, spoil, are unpleasant to use and sometimes explode. DIOXOGEN has a clean, wholesome, delightful taste. It keeps. It is pure. It is harmless.

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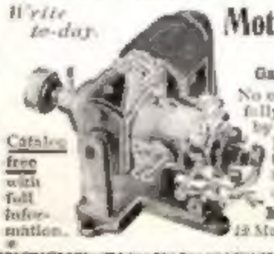

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